




THE JEWEL, SACRED, DOMESTIC,
NARRATIVE AND LYRICAL POEMS
SELECTED FROM EMINENT AUTHORS BY T.
SLOPER

JEWEL



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Jewel

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THE JEWEL:

BRING

SACRED, DOMESTIC, NARRATIVE, AND LYRICAL

POEMS,

SELECTED FROM

THE MOST EMINENT AUTHORS.

BY THOMAS SLOPER.

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PREFACE.

THE number of books of poetry similar to that here presented to the public, makes it a bold experiment to add another to the already long list of "Selections."

Undaunted, however, by the crowd of competitors, the Compiler of "The Jewel" confidently—but he trusts not presumptuously—puts forth claims in his little volume worthy, it is hoped, of some share of public patronage: an object for which he has spared neither research, industry, nor care.

The ready sale which works like this obtain, proves how eagerly they are sought after by the lovers of poetry. Indeed, but for such Selections many of the efforts of our most esteemed poets would be lost, or comparatively unheeded. This arises from the high character which the periodical literature of this country has attained. The most eminent writers in each department now derive their chief emolument from periodical publications; and thus their most exquisite effusions appearing in *ephemera*, which are in too many instances read and immediately thrown aside, do not excite that permanent attention they deserve. Hence there is always good service to be done to the cause of literature—and particularly to that of poetical literature,—by collecting and embodying in a more permanent form, these stray beauties;—by providing a home, as it were, for fugitive pieces.

To select, to the best of his judgment, such bright, but scattered gems, and to fix them in a pleasing but durable "setting," has been the main care of the Editor of "The Jewel."

This volume being prepared with a view to interest the minds and please the tastes of young persons, poetry of an amatory kind has not been admitted; for while the Muse has proved most prolific in that class of composition, and although many specimens not only of beautiful imagery, but of elevated morality might be selected from it; yet, it has been thought, that the subject itself is not a proper one for youth. On the other hand, that the book may not be of too staid and sombre a cast, a collection of Romantic and Narrative pieces are inserted.

From one or two extremely beautiful pieces a few expressions have been expunged. The Editor was, for example, loth to part with the charming "Sensitive Plant" (page 128), because of the few sins against moral taste contained in it. He, therefore, chose the alternative, of striking out the objectionable passages; hoping to be forgiven for an opinion, that the omissions enhance, rather than detract from, the beauty of the poem.

In finishing his task—which has indeed been a "labour of love,"—the Compiler of "The Jewel" has only to hope that public favour will widely disseminate that pleasure among readers, which he has derived from reprinting, what his humble judgment has taught him to believe, some of the most exquisite Poems in our language.

SACRED POEMS.

SACRED POEMS.

“ PREPARE a hymn, prepare a song,
The timbrel hither bring:
The cheerful psaltery bring along,
The harp with pleasant string.”—MILTON.

THE TEMPTATION IN THE WILDERNESS.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. IV.

At length collected, o'er the dark Divan
The arch-fiend glanc'd, as by the boreal blaze
Their downcast brows were seen, and thus began
His fierce harangue:—“ Spirits ! our better days
Are now elaps'd ; Moloch and Belial's praise
Shall sound no more in groves by myriads trod.
Lo ! the light breaks !—The astonish'd nations gaze ;
For us is lifted high the avenging rod !
For, spirits, this is He,—this is the Son of God !

“ What then !—shall Satan’s spirit crouch to fear !
Shall he who shook the pillars of God’s reign
Drop from his unnerv’d arm the hostile spear ?
Madness ! The very thought would make me fain
To tear the spanglets from yon gaudy plain,
And hurl them at their Maker !—Fix’d as fate
I am his foe !—Yea, though his pride should deign
To sooth mine ire with half his regal state,
Still would I burn with fix’d, unalterable hate.

“ Now hear the issue of my cursed emprise :
When from our last sad synod I took flight,
Buoy’d with false hopes, in some deep-laid disguise,
To tempt this vaunted Holy One to write
His own self-condemnation ; in the plight
Of aged man, in the lone wilderness,
Gath’ring a few stray sticks, I met his sight,
And leaning on my staff, seem’d much to guess
What cause could mortal bring to that forlorn recess.

“ Then thus in homely guise I featly fram’d
My lowly speech :—‘ Good Sir, what leads this way
Your wand’ring steps ? must hapless chance be blam’d
That you so far from haunt of mortals stray ?
Here have I dwelt for many a ling’ring day,
Nor trace of man have seen !—but how ! methought
Thou wert the youth on whom God’s holy ray
I saw descend in Jordan, when John taught
That he to fallen man the saving promise brought.’

“ ‘ I am that man,’ said Jesus ; ‘ I am he !
But truce to questions—Canst thou point my feet
To some low hut, if haply such there be
In this wild labyrinth, where I may meet
With homely greeting, and may sit and eat ;
For forty days I’ve tarried fasting here,
Hid in the dark glens of this lone retreat ;
And now I hunger, and my fainting ear
Longs much to greet the sound of fountains gushing near.’

“ Then thus I answered wily :—‘ If, indeed
Son of our God thou be’st, what need to seek
For food from men ?—Lo on these flint-stones feed,
Bid them be bread ! open thy lips and speak,
And living rills from yon parch’d rock will break.’
Instant as I had spoke his piercing eye
Fix’d on my face ;—the blood forsook my cheek ;
I could not bear his gaze ;—my mask slipp’d by ;—
I would have shunn’d his look, but had not power to fly.

“ Then he rebuk’d me with the holy word—
Accursed sounds ! but now my native pride
Return’d, and, by no foolish qualm deterr’d,
I bore him from the mountain’s woody side,
Up to the summit, where, extending wide,
Kingdoms and cities, palaces and fanes,
Bright sparkling in the sunbeams, were descried ;
And in gay dance, amid luxuriant plains,
Tripp’d to the jocund reed the emasculated swains.

“ ‘ Behold,’ I cried, ‘ these glories ! scenes divine !
 Thou whose sad prime in pining want decays,
 And these, O rapture ! these shall all be thine,
 If thou wilt give to me, not God, the praise.
 Hath he not giv’n to indigence thy day ?
 Is not thy portion peril here and pain ?
 Oh ! leave his temples, shun his wounding ways !
 Seize the tiara ! these mean weeds disdain ! [gain.’
 Kneel, kneel, thou man of woe, and peace and splendour

“ ‘ Is it not written,’ sternly he replied,
 ‘ Tempt not the Lord thy God ?’ Frowning he spake,
 ‘ And instant sounds, as of the ocean-tide,
 Rose, and the whirlwind from his prison brake,
 And caught me up aloft, till, in one flake,
 The sidelong volley met my swift career, [quake
 And smote me earthward.—Jove himself might
 At such a fall ; my sinews crack’d, and, near,
 Obscure and dizzy sounds seem’d ringing in mine ear.

“ Senseless and stunn’d I lay ; till, casting round
 My half unconscious gaze, I saw the foe
 Borne on a car of roses to the ground,
 By volant angels ; and, as sailing slow
 He sunk the hoary battlement below,
 While on the tall spire slept the slant sunbeam,
 Sweet on th’ enamour’d zephyr was the flow
 Of heav’nly instruments. Such strains oft seem,
 On starlight hill, to sooth the Syrian shepherd’s dream.

" I saw, blaspheming. Hate renew'd my strength ;
I smote the ether with my iron wing.
And left the accursed scene.—Arriv'd at length
In these dear halls, to ye, my peers, I bring
The tidings of defeat. Hell's haughty king
Thrice vanquish'd, baffled, smitten, and dismay'd!
O shame ! Is this the hero who could fling
Defiance at his Maker, while, array'd
High o'er the walls of light, rebellion's banners play'd!"

KIRKE WHITE.

THE NATIVITY.

ST. LUKE, CHAP. II.

THOU wast born of woman, thou did'st come,
O Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,
Not in thy dread omnipotent array ;
And not by thunders strew'd
Was thy tempestuous road ;
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.
But thee, a soft and naked child,
Thy mother, undefiled,
In the rude manger laid to rest
From off her virgin breast.

The heav'ns were not commanded to prepare
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;
Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on high.

A single silent star
Came wandering from afar,
Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sky,
The Eastern Sages leading on,
As at a kingly throne,
To lay their gold and odours sweet
Before thy infant feet.

The earth and ocean were not hush'd to hear
Bright harmony from ev'ry starry sphere ;
Nor at thy presence brake the voice of song
From all the cherub choirs,
And seraph's burning lyres [along ;
Poured through the host of heav'n the charmed clouds
One angel troop the strain began,
Of all the race of man,
By simple shepherds heard alone,
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;
Nor visible angels mourn'd with drooping plumes :
Nor didst thou mount on high
From fatal Calvary [tombs.
With all thine own redeem'd outbursting from their

For thou didst bear away from earth
But one of human birth,
The dying felon by thy side, to be
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance break,
A little while the conscious earth did shake
At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;
 A few dim hours of day,
 'The world in darkness lay,
Then bask'd in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun :
While thou didst sleep beneath the tomb,
Consenting to thy doom,
Ere yet the white robed Angel shone
Upon the sealed stone.

And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand
With devastation in thy red right hand,
Plaguing the guilty city's murtherous crew ;
 But thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few :
Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise
Into thy native skies,
Thy human form dissolved on high
In its own radiancy.

MILMAN.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC ON MOUNT MORIAH.

GENESIS, CHAP. XXII.

ERE the rich morning on the mountains flung
A robe of beauty,—in that primeest hour
When birds are darting from the dewy ground,
And Nature, soft as sleeping life, begins
To waken, and the spell of day to wear;
Unseen, the patriarch and his cherish'd boy
Uprose; the sacrificial wood prepared,
And then, companion'd by his household youths,
They onward journey'd with the laden ass.—
Through piny glens and green acacia vales
The pilgrims wound their unreluctant way.
Oft as he went, upon his child adored
The sire of future nations look'd, and thought;
And felt the father in his bosom rise,
As bound and bloody on the altar stretch'd,
He vision'd him;—the long-hoped, destin'd son,
Who fond and dutiful had ever been,
And guiltless of a parent's tear!—But faith
Triumphant in the power of Mercy proved.—
Twice had the sun around the pilgrims drawn
His evening veil, when o'er a distant mount,
Upon Moriah's steep and rocky clime,
A vision of the Lord reposed, and shone,—
A cloudy signal, shaped for Abram's eye
Alone to see, and there his altar raise;

The patriarch bowed, and o'er the mountain path
Both child and parent took their solemn way,
But each was silent, for they thought of Heaven.—
So on they went, till at the mount ordain'd
Arriving, with enamour'd gaze they saw
The hills of glory capp'd with sunset hues,
And willow'd plains; and drank the balmy air,
And cool'd their foreheads in the breeze, that fell
Light as the tremor of an angel's wing;
So still the hour, so calm the scene, that God
Himself seem'd waiting there to welcome man!

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

EXODUS, CHAP. XI.

WHEN life is forgot, and night hath power,
And mortals feel no dread;
When silence and slumber rule the hour,
And dreams are round the head;
God shall smite the first-born of Egypt's race,
The destroyer shall enter each dwelling-place—
Shall enter and choose his dead.

"To your homes," said the leader of Israel's host,
"And slaughter a sacrifice:
Let the life-blood be sprinkled on each door-post,
Nor stir till the morn arise;
And the Angel of Vengeance shall pass you by,
He shall see the red stain, and shall not come nigh
Where the hope of your household lies."

The people hear, and they bow them low—
Each to his house hath flown:
The lamb is slain, and with blood they go,
And sprinkle the lintel-stone;
And the doors they close when the sun hath set,
But few in oblivious sleep forget
The judgment to be done.

'Tis midnight—yet they hear no sound
Along the lone still street;
No blast of a pestilence sweeps the ground,
No tramp of unearthly feet,
Nor rush as of harpy wings goes by,
But the calm moon floats in the cloudless sky,
'Mid her wan light clear and sweet.

Once only, shot like an arrowy ray,
A pale-blue flash was seen,
It pass'd so swift, the eye scarce could say
That such a thing had been:

Yet the beat of every heart was still,
And the flesh crawl'd fearfully and chill,
And back flow'd every vein.

The courage of Israel's bravest quail'd
At the view of that awful light,
Though knowing the blood of their offering avail'd
To shield them from its might:
They felt 'twas the Spirit of Death had past,
That the brightness they saw his cold glance had cast
On Egypt's land that night:

That his fearful eye had unwarn'd struck down,
In the darkness of the grave,
The hope of that empire, the pride of its crown,
The first-born of lord and slave:—
The lovely, the tender, the ardent, the gay,
Where were they?—all wither'd in ashes away,
At the terrible death-glare it gave.

From the couches of slumber ten thousand cries
Burst forth 'mid the silence dread—
The youth by his living brother lies
Sightless, and dumb, and dead!
The infant lies cold at its mother's breast,
She had kiss'd him alive as she sank to rest,
She awakens—his life hath fled!

And shrieks from the palace-chambers break—
Their inmates are steep'd in woe,
And Pharaoh hath found his proud arm too weak
To arrest the mighty blow :
Wail, King of the Pyramids ! Egypt's throne
Cannot lighten thy heart of a single groan,
For thy kingdom's heir laid low.

Wail, King of the Pyramids ! Death has cast
His shafts through thine empire wide,
But o'er Israel in bondage his rage has past,
No first-born of her's hath died—
Go, Satrap ! command that the captive be free,
Lest their God in fierce anger should smite even thee,
On the crown of thy purple pride.

ANON.

DIRGE OF RACHEL.

GENESIS, CHAP. XXIV.

AND Rachel lies in Eprath's land,
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The spring comes smiling down the vale,
The lilies and the roses bringing ;
But Rachel never more shall hail
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,
And Jewish dames the dance are treading ;
But Rachel on her couch of clay,
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,
And reapers to the field is calling ;
But Rachel's voice no longer joins
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;
But earthly storms possess no power
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

KNOX.

SIX SONGS FROM THE BOOK OF RUTH.

THE SONG OF RUTH TO NAOMI.

RUTH, CHAP. I.

I WILL not leave thee, Mother, now that grief
 Strikes with a heavy hand thy widowed heart ;
 The blooming flower shuns not the blighted leaf,
 Shall I, then, from thy woe-worn spirit part ?
 For thee, will I forsake my native land,
 Where every tie hath bound me heretofore,
 With thee, I'll wend to Israel, hand in hand,
 Thy kindred I will claim, thy God adore !

Where thou dost pillow, there my head shall lie ;
 E'en as the dove doth seek its mother's nest,
 So, where thou layest thine aged form to die,
 There too will I take up eternal rest.
 For that, I now from kinsmen turn away,
 And leave their idols, they will curse me sore ;
 This last sad look their years of love shall pay—
 Thy country I will claim,—thy God adore !

SONG OF THE GLEANERS.

CHAP. II.

PRAISE the Lord for his bounty ! while nations around,
 Are groaning with famine, our garners abound !
 The heathen who setteth up gods of his own,
 In vain seeks to reap when he lately hath sown ;
 Unblest by the Lord, he can harvest no more
 Than we glean, when the work of the reaper is o'er.

Praise the Lord for his bounty ! while nations around
 Are groaning with famine, our garners abound !

Praise the Lord for his mercy ! with meekness there came
 A maid out of Moab to worship His name ;
 We will welcome her hither with song and with prayer,
 In the field of our master the corn she shall share.
 Who will turn from idolatry, thus, will the Lord
 With friends and with plenty and honour reward.

Praise the Lord for his bounty ! while nations around,
 Are groaning with famine, our garners abound !

NAOMI AND RUTH.

CHAP. III.

NAOMI.

MY father land ! O Canaan, I rejoice
 Upon thy treasure-teeming soil to be ;
 Yet midst thy plenty, who shall hear the voice
 Of helpless, friendless, widowed poverty ?

RUTH.

That God beneath "whose wings I come to trust"
An ear of mercy to our wants hath leaned,
Behold this token, shown us who are dust:—
An ephah full of barley I have gleaned !

NAOMI.

O blessed be His name—and blest be he
Amid whose full-ear'd sheaves thou wroughtst to-day,
May blessings, too, my daughter, light on thee,
Who raisest up a friend our woes to stay.

RUTH.

Boaz, "the man of wealth," whose fields I trod,
Hath spoken words of comfort and of love ;
'Tis thus towards all who put their trust in God,
He turns the hearts of men his power to prove

THE PRAYER OF RUTH.

O UNSEEN God ! whose secret, wondrous ways
Have saved a soul that idols false obeyed,
Look down with pity upon one who prays
Thine holy aid !
Fountain of Mercy ! Should I dare require
Aught in my sinful ignorance, of ill,
Punish me not by granting my desire—
Reveal thy will !

Omniscient Lord ! who seest our utmost heart,
My soul is set on one, e'en as it clave
In former time to him who did depart
Down to the grave.
He, who relieved the widow's woes, doth cause
My breast with hope and gratitude to fill—
His love to seek : shall I transgress thy laws ?
Reveal thy will !

THE SONG OF BOAZ TO RUTH.

DAMEL, thou hast so nobly trod the path
Of peril and good works—so meekly sought
To be the handmaid of that God who hath
Alone the power to raise up faith from naught—
So firmly hast thou bid a long farewell
To birth-place, kindred, home, and heritage,
That with a holy zeal my heart doth swell
To join thee in thy Heavenward pilgrimage.

Damsel, the traveller o'er the desert's blight
Leapeth for joy the limpid spring to see,
So was my soul athirst for one who might,
As Rachael was to Jacob, be to me.
And now my prayers are answered from above :
Thou art my rich reward ! By nuptial gage
Our hearts both knit in bonds of earthly love
Shall join to end our Heavenward pilgrimage !

SONG OF THE PROPHETS.

CHAP. IV.

PRAISE be to God ! who in his might
Shall Pharez' house replace—
Blessed be she who shall unite
Her master's failing race !

Behold ! from them shall spring a son,
A King ; of whose increase
Lo ! there shall come a mightier one,
JEHOVAH ! PRINCE OF PEACE.

W. H. WILLS.

LO, THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

ST. MATTHEW, CHAP. VI.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield ;
Hark to Nature's lesson given
By the blessed birds of heaven !
Every bush, and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy ;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for to-morrow.

Say with richer crimson glows,
The kingly mantle than the rose ;
Say have kings more wholesome fare,
Than we poor citizens of air !
Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
Yet we carol merrily ;
Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for to-morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye
Guides our humble destiny ;
One there lives, who Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall ;
Pass we blithely then the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime ;
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
God provideth for to-morrow.

BISHOP HEBER.

THE WIDOW'S SON.

ST. LUKE, CHAP. VII.

WAKE not, oh mother ! sounds of lamentation ;
Weep not, oh widow ! weep not hopelessly !
Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation !
Strong is the word of God to succour thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him ;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping o'er him,
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners ; who forbids our weeping ?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd ?
“ Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping !
Young man, arise ! ” He spake, and was obey'd.

Change then, oh sad one, grief to exultation !
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee,
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation !
Strong was the word of God to succour thee.”

BISHOP HEBER.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

ST. JOHN, CHAP. XIX.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, Who is he ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb ;
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow—
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, Who is he?
By the sun, at noonday pale;
Shivering rocks and rending vale;
By earth, that trembles at his doom,
By yon saints, that burst the tomb;
By Eden, promis'd, ere he died,
To the felon at his side—
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, Who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony.
By the lifeless body, laid
In the chambers of the dead:
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep:
Crucified—We know thee now,
Son of Man, 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful, Who is he?

By the prayer for them that slew,
 " Lord, they know not what they do ;"
 By the spoil'd and empty grave,
 By the souls he died to save,
 By the conquest he hath won,
 By the saints before his throne,
 By the rainbow round his brow—
 Son of God, 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

BISHOP HEBER.

 HYMN FOR PALM SUNDAY.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry !
 Thy humble beast pursues his road,
 With palms and scatter'd garments strew'd.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 In lowly pomp ride on to die !
 Oh Christ ! thy triumphs now begin
 O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
 The winged squadrons of the sky
 Look down with sad and wondering eyes,
 To see the approaching sacrifice !

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh.
The Father, on his sapphire throne,
Expects his own anointed Son.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die !
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, oh God ! thy power, and reign !

MILMAN.

HYMN OF THE HEBREW MAID.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonish'd lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimson'd sands
Return'd the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answer'd keen ;
And Zion's daughters pour'd their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know THEY ways,
And THOU hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen !
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of THESE a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be THOU, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But THOU hast said, The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAGDALENE'S HYMN.

THE air of death breathes through our souls,
The dead all round us lie ;
By day and night the death-bell tolls,
And says, " Prepare to die."

The face that in the morning sun
We thought so wondrous fair,
Hath faded, ere his course was run,
Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave
With thin locks silvery-grey ;
I see the child's bright tresses wave
In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best,
Like music all are gone !
And the wan moonlight bathes in rest
Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said
The life of life departs ;
The body in the grave is laid,
Its beauty in our hearts.

SACRED POEMS.

At holy midnight, voices sweet
Like fragrance fill the room,
And happy ghosts with noiseless feet
Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright,
From whose dear side they came!
—We veil our eyes before thy light,
We bless our Saviour's name.

This frame of dust, this feeble breath,
The Plague may soon destroy;
We think on Thee, and feel in death
A deep and awful joy.

Dim is the light of vanish'd years
In the glory yet to come;
O idle grief! O foolish tears!
When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair
That weep themselves to rest;
We part with life—awake! and there
The jewel in our breast!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

POOR MAN'S HYMN.

As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had :
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
Tho' plain my garb, though scant my board,
As Mary's Son and Nature's Lord.

The manger was his infant bed,
His home, the mountain-cave,
He had not where to lay his head,
He borrow'd even his grave.
Earth yielded him no resting spot,
Her Maker,—but she knew him not.

As much the world's good will I bear,
Its favours and applause,
As He, whose blessed name I bear,—
Hated without a cause,
Despis'd, rejected, mock'd by pride,
Betray'd, forsaken, crucified.

Why should I court my Master's foe ?
Why should I fear his frown ?
Why should I seek for rest below,
Or sigh for brief renown ?
A pilgrim to a better land,
An heir of joys at God's right hand.

JOSIAH CONDER.

A THANKSGIVING.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather-proof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber soft to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state.
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen small ;
A little butterie, and therein
A little byn,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unclipt, unfleat ;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire ;
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is thine ;
And all those other bits that be
There placed by thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the messe
Of water cresse,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent,
And my content,
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowles to drink
Spiced to the brink.
Lord ! 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land,
And giv'st me for my bushel sowne,
Thrice ten for one.
Thou makest my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day,
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year ;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream for wine.
All these and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,

Which fired with incense I resign
As wholly thine ;
But the acceptance ! that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

HERRICK.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

AUTHOR of being ! life-sustaining King !
Lo ! Want's dependent eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores !
Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
And summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which autumn from a thousand shores
Selecteth provident ! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain ;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain !
Without thy blessing, all is blank and drear ;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER ! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly Tree ?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an Intelligence so wise,
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen ;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound ;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize :
And in this wisdom of the Holly Tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the Holly Tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they ;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly Tree ?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly Tree.

SOUTHEY.

CONFIRMATION.

THE young ones gather'd in from hill and dale,
With holyday delight on every brow :
'Tis pass'd away, far other thoughts prevail,
For they are taking the baptismal vow

Upon their conscious selves ; their own lips speak
The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
Under the holy fear of God turns pale.
While on each head His lawn-rob'd servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The Covenant, the Omnipotent will raise
Their feeble souls ; and bear with his regrets,
Who looking round the fair assemblage feels
That e'er the sun goes down their childhood sets.

I saw the mother's eye intensely bent
Upon a maiden trembling as she knelt :
In and for whom the pious mother felt,
Things that we judge of by a light too faint :
Tell, if ye may, some star-crown'd muse or saint,
Tell what rush'd in, from what she was relieved,
Then when her child, the hallowing touch receiv'd,
And such vibration to the mother went
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear ?
Open'd a vision of that blissful place
Where dwells a sister child ? And was power given
Part of her lost one's glory back to trace
Even to this rite ? For this she knelt, and ere
The summer leaf had faded, past to heaven.

WORDSWORTH.

HYMN,

WRITTEN UNDER THE PRESSURE OF EXTREME
BODILY PAIN.

I'LL trust in that Almighty power
Who shields us in the darkest hour ;
Who guides our steps through sun and shade,
I'll trust in Him, nor feel afraid !

When pangs assail, and fears alarm,
Why should I dread approaching harm ?
That mercy *I've so often proved*,
Why should I fear 'twill be removed ?

When faint and worn with pain I lie,
His goodness can fresh strength supply ;
His mercy easy make my bed,
And round my pillow comfort shed !

Like oil, poured on the troubled sea,
His soothing care shall be to me ;
To still the anguish of my soul,
And every doubt and fear control !

Though all unworthy of his grace,
Strong in his Love, my faith I'll place,
Relying on his guardian power,
In sorrow's gloom, as joy's bright hour !

No pain shall shake that fervent trust,
Although this frame of breathing dust,
When mortal pangs and griefs assail,
May sometimes feel its courage quail !

My thoughts shall rise on soaring wing
To that sole Source whence comforts spring ;
And in supporting mercy prove
How firm their rock who trust His love !

Lord ! Saviour ! hear a sinner's prayer :
Let not my fainting flesh despair :
But, when to THEE for aid I cry,
Be thou thy trembling creature nigh !

MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

THE FIRST PSALM.

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns the guilty lore.

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his God.

That man shall flourish like the tree
Which by the streamlets grow ;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the roots below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast ;
And, like the rootless stubble, tost
Before the sweeping blast.

For why ? that God the good adore,
Hath given them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

BURNS.

THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given,
For happy spirits to alight,
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow ?

When science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place .
To cold material laws !

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High,
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth
To watch thy sacred sign !

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang,
On earth deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

SACRED POEMS.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye,
Unraptured greet thy beam ;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme.

The earth to thee its incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down.

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

CAMPBELL.

THE ANTHEM.

TRANSLATED BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

THAT anthem's long-remember'd strain
Revives the scenes of sinless youth again,
When on the stillness of the Sabbath-day,
Heaven in that peal seem'd pouring from above,
And I look'd upward for its kiss of love,
Whilst saints might wish with joy like mine to pray.
An undefined aspiration
Impelled me from the haunts of man ;
I formed myself a new creation,
While tears of Christian fervour ran.
This very song proclaimed to childhood's ear
The solemn tide for joys for ever past,
And memory waking while the song I hear,
Arrests my strides, and checks me at the last.
Sound on, blest strain, your task almost is done ;
Tears force their way and earth regains her son.

GOETHE FAUST.

AN EASTER SCENE.

TRANSLATED BY LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER.

TURN round and from this hillock's height,
Back to the town direct thy sight.
See, from the jaws of yonder gate,
How thick the insects congregate ;

They celebrate, in guise so gay,
Our Saviour's resurrection day,
From lowly roof, and stifling cell,
Where labour's murky children dwell—
From chamber close, and garret high;
From many an alley's dismal sty,
And from the venerable night,
Shed by the church's shadowy height,
They wander forth and court the light.—
* See how the myriads buzz and throng
The garden and the field along;
See on the stream how thick they float,
The steadier barge and heeling boat.
How yonder skiff, o'erladen, laves
Its gunwale in the rippling waves.
Yon distant mountain path no less
Is gleaming with the tints of dress.

GOETHE FAUST.

THE SABBATH BELL.

THE cheerful Sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,

Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him thus engaged, the Sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
This cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE CHRISTIAN'S REST.

THROUGH sorrow's night, and dangers' path,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are marching to the tomb.

There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

SACRED POEMS.

Our labours done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded, o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

Yet not thus lifeless, thus inane,
The vital spark shall lie,
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To see its kindred sky.

These ashes too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the last angel rise, and break
The long and dreary sleep.

Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long silent dust shall burst
With shouts of endless praise.

KIRKE WHITE.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

TRANSLATED BY LORD HOLLAND.

I must lie down and slumber in the dust,
And if to-morrow thou should'st call me, Lord,
Perhaps it were too late—perhaps thy word
Might find no entrance in the ear of death.

O, Sovereign Power, and merciful as just,
The influence of thy present grace afford :
Visit me now, for what am I but breath,
Dust, ashes, smoke that vanisheth away ?
Full well I know that at the judgment-day,
I shall again put on these bones of mine ;
These eyes shall see my Saviour and my God.
O sure and only joy ! O thought divine,
To comfort and sustain me on the road
That leads to poor Mortality's abode.

LOPE DE VEGA.

THE SUN AND THE CHRISTIAN.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heav'nly way :

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

WATTS.

THE SABBATH.

ORIGINAL.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE JEWEL."

THERE is a sweetness in the Sabbath's calm,
To hearts which do not own Religion's power ;
For care's depressing ills it brings a balm,
And sheds its influence o'er life's fevered hour :
While Pleasure's pulse, and Folly's voice it stills,
And earth's unholy joys no more the bosom thrills.

But to the heart where pure devotion dwells,
The Sabbath brings a happy holyday ;
There's heavenly music in its chiming bells,
Calling the Christian from the world away ;
Bidding him quit all thoughts of earthly care
To commune with his God in the still house of prayer.

FLORENCE WILSON.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide !
 The Sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wails a portion with judicious care ;
 And ' Let us worship God ! ' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyr's, worthy of the name :
 Or noble Elgin beats the heav'n-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame :
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head :
How his first followers and servants sped ;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand ;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's
command.

Then, kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope ' springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days :
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply in some cottage far apart,
May hear well pleased the language of the soul ;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

BURNS.

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round the aching breast,
The curtain of repose :
Stretch the tir'd limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams—
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife.
Ah ! visions less beguiling far,
Than walking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil,
To plough the classic field ;
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield :
Till all is our's that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep,
To wet with unseen tears,
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years.
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the home-sick mind,
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care,
Brooding on hours mis-spent ;
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent,
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse :
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night,
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray :
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do :
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death !
When all around is peace ;
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends,—such death be mine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

DEATH'S SEASONS.

LEAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the Earth!

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for Grief's o'erwhelming power,
A time for softer tears—but all are thine!

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee!—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey!

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain;
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?
They have *one* season—*all* are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air ;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there !

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest ;
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North-wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death !

MRS. HEMANS.

PRAYER AT EARLY MORN.

WHEN first thine eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty : true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day ; and in him sleep.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings among them : not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM :—canst *thou* not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine :
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper—mix not with each day ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may :
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

TO ONE BROKEN IN HEART.

BROKEN-HEARTED, weep no more !
Hear what comfort He hath spoken ;
Smoking flax who ne'er hath quenched,
Bruised reed who ne'er hath broken.

" Ye who wander here below,
Heavy laden as you go,
Come, with grief, with sin oppress'd,
Come to me, and be at rest."

Lamb of Jesus' blood-bought flock,
Brought again from sin, and straying ;
Hear the Shepherd's gentle voice,
Tis a true and faithful saying,—
" Greater love how can there be,
Than to yield up life for thee ?
Brought with pang, and tear, and sigh,
Turn and live ! why will ye die ?"

Broken-hearted, weep no more !
Far from consolation flying :
He who calls hath felt thy wound,
Seen thy weeping, heard thy sighing ;—
" Bring thy broken heart to me,
Welcome offering it shall be ;
Streaming tears and bursting sighs,
Mine accepted sacrifice."

BISHOP DOANE.

RESIGNATION.

I GIVE thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE CHRISTIAN VIRGIN'S ADDRESS TO
HER APOSTATE LOVER.

O! LOST to faith, to peace, to heaven!
Canst thou a recreant be
To him whose life for thine was given,
Whose cross endured for thee?
Canst thou for earthly joys, resign
A love immortal, pure, divine,
Yet link thy plighted truth to mine,
And cleave unchanged to me?

Thou canst not—and 'tis breathed in vain—
 The sophistry of love ;—
Though not in pride or cold disdain
 Thy falsehood I approve ;—
Inly my heart may bleed—but yet
Mine is no weak, no vain regret ;
Thy wrongs to me I might forget—
 But not to Him above.

Cease then—thy fond impassion'd vow,
 In happier hours so dear ;
(No virgin-pride restrains me now)
 I must not turn to hear ;
For still my erring heart might prove
Too weak to spurn thy proffer'd love ;
And tears, though feign'd and false, might move,
 And prayers, though insincere.

But no ! the tie so firmly bound
 Is torn asunder now ;
How deep that sudden wrench may wound,
 It recks not to avow ;
Go thou to fortune and to fame ;
I sink to sorrow—suffering—shame ;
Yet think, when Glory gilds thy name,
 I would not be as thou.

SACRED POEMS.

Thou canst not light or wavering deem
The bosom all thine own ;
Thou know'st in Joy's enlivening beam,
Or Fortune's adverse frown ;
My pride, my bliss had been to share
Thy hopes ; to sooth thine hours of care ;
With thee the Martyr's cross to bear,
Or win the Martyr's crown.

'Tis o'er ; but never from my heart
Shall Time thine image blot ;
The dreams of other days depart ;—
Thou shalt not be forgot ;
And never in the suppliant sigh
Pour'd forth to Him who sways the sky,
Shall mine own name be breathed on high,
And thine remember'd not.

Farewell ! and O ! may He whose love
Endures though Man rebel,
In Mercy yet thy guilt reprove ;
Thy dark'ning clouds dispel :
Where'er thy wandering steps incline,
My fondest prayers—nor only mine ;—
The aid of Israel's God be thine ;
And in His name—Farewell !

REV. THOMAS DALE.

"FORGIVE."

Oh God, my sins are manifold, against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to thy temple fly;
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is
driven:

"Forgive"—a blessed voice replied, and thou shalt be
forgiven.

My foemen, Lord! are fierce and fell, they spurn me
in their pride,

They render evil for my good, my patience they
deride—

Arise, oh King! and be the proud to righteous ruin
driven;

"Forgive"—an awful answer came, as thou would'st
be forgiven.

Seven times, oh Lord! I pardon'd them, seven times
they sinned again,

They practise still to work me woe, they triumph in my
pain.

But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resent-
ment driven;

"Forgive"—the voice of thunder spake, or never be
forgiven.

BISHOP HEBER.

PASSING AWAY.

' 'PASSING AWAY' IS WRITTEN ON THE WORLD AND
ALL THE WORLD CONTAINS."

It is written on the rose,
In its glory's full array ;
Read what those buds disclose,
" Passing away."

It is written on the skies
Of the soft blue summer-day,
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
" Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play ;
And on brighter things than these—
" Passing away."

It is written on the brow,
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives and burns and triumphs now—
" Passing away."

It is written on the heart—
Alas, that there decay,
Should claim from love a part—
" Passing away."

Friends! Friends! oh, shall we meet,
Where the spoiler finds no prey,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Oh, if this may be so,
Speed, speed their closing day!
How blest from earth's vain show
To pass away.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE LITTLE SHROUD.

SHE put him on a snow-white shroud,
A chaplet on his head;
And gathered early primroses
To scatter o'er the dead.

She laid him in his little grave—
'Twas hard to lay him there,
When spring was putting forth its flowers,
And every thing was fair.

She had lost many children—now
The last of them was gone;
And day and night she sat and wept
Beside the funeral stone.

SACRED POEMS.

One midnight, while her constant tears
Were falling with the dew,
She heard a voice, and lo ! her child
Stood by her, weeping too !

His shroud was damp, his face was white ;
He said—" I cannot sleep,
Your tears have made my shroud so wet ;
Oh, mother, do not weep ! "

Oh, love is strong !—the mother's heart
Was filled with tender fears :
Oh, love is strong !—and for her child
Her grief restrained its tears.

One eve a light shone round her bed,
And there she saw him stand—
Her infant, in his little shroud,
A taper in his hand.

" Lo ! mother, see my shroud is dry,
And I can sleep once more ! "
And beautiful the parting smile
The little infant wore.

And down within the silent grave
He laid his weary head ;
And soon the early violets
Grew o'er his grassy bed.

The mother went her household ways—
Again she knelt in prayer,
And only asked of Heaven its aid,
Her heavy lot to bear.

L. E. L.

TRUST IN GOD.

Not seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn ;
Not seldom Evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,
To the confiding Bark, untrue ;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treach'rous too.

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

But Thou art true, Incarnate Lord !
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die ;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify !

I bent before thy gracious throne,
And asked for peace with suppliant knee ;
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,
But peace, and hope, and ecstasy.

WORDSWORTH.

A SON'S LAMENT.

If heart-felt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse imprest
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smiled,
And frown'd with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time,
He sigh'd in numbers, or he laughed in rhyme ;
While thy kind cautions warn'd him to beware
Of penury, the bard's perpetual snare ;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control ;
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more,
Than ever child to parent owed before :
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivell'd frame,

And turn'd each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine with constant love, thro' lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears,
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view,
Departed reason might not dawn anew.
Tho' medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to Hope and Prayer:
Nor pray'd in vain; thy child from Powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
Nature, who deck'd thy form with Beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers,
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With Charity's diffusive spirit fraught;
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven.
While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul.

Nor will the public with harsh vigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues trained me, let the praise be thine.

HAYLEY.

TO THE MEMORY OF A LADY.

HIGH peace to the soul of the dead,
From the dream of the world she has gone!
On the stars in her glory to tread,
To be bright in the blaze of the throne.

In youth she was lovely; and Time,
When her rose with the cyprus he twined,
Left the heart all the warmth of its prime,
Left her eye all the light of her mind.

The summons came forth,—and she died!
Yet her parting was gentle, for those
Whom she loved, mingled tears at her side—
Her death was the mourner's repose.

Our weakness may weep o'er her bier,
But her spirit has gone on the wing
To triumph for agony here,
To rejoice in the joy of its King.

DR. CROLY.

THE BURIAL ANTHEM.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burthen of the flesh,
And from care and fear releas'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode ;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now;
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail :
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

“ Earth to earth,” and “ dust to dust,”
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed :
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

MILMAN.

THE LAST HOUR.

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence, while around waves on
The mighty forest reckless what is gone—
Such is man's doom : and ere an hour be flown,
Start not, thou trifler, such may be thine own !

MRS. HEMANS.

DOMESTIC POEMS.

DOMESTIC POEMS.

THE homely hearth, the glowing, cheerful fire ;
The busy thread by slender fingers piled ;
The well recited theme of Poet's lyre,
Are deep, undying joys, denied
To halls where social love is chilled by stately pride.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green !
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live !
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm ;
Thee would the Muse invoke !—to thee belong
The sage's precept, and the poet's song.
What soften'd views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals !

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play ;
Thy temper'd gleams of happiness resign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn ;
Unheard the shout that rent the noon-tide air,
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship, form'd and cherish'd here ;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams !

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed ;
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle and her hood of straw ;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er ;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;
Whose dark eyes flash'd through locks of blackest shade.
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :
And heroes fled the sibyl's mutter'd call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flush'd my breast ;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest !
We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray,)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt :
As in his scrip we dropp'd our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more, [live!"
He breathed his prayer, " Long may such goodness
'Twas all he gave,—'twas all he had to give.

ROGERS.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love—how sweet the name !
What is a mother's love ?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould ;
The warmest love that can grow cold ;
This is a mother's love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone ;
This is a mother's love.

DOMESTIC POEMS.

Its weakness in her arms to bear ;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest ;
Then, while it slumbers, watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death ;
This is a mother's love.

To mark its growth from day to day,
Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
Of intellectual fire ;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks ;
This is a mother's love.

And can a mother's love grow cold ?
Can she forget her boy ?
His pleading innocence behold,
Nor weep for grief—for joy ?
A mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild ;
—Is *this* a mother's love ?

Ten thousand voices answer “ No ! ”
Ye clasp your babes and kiss ;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow ;
Yet, ah ! remember this ;

DOMESTIC POEMS.

The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth :
—Is *this* a mother's love ?

A parent's heart may prove a snare ;
The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
Down the smooth road to hell ;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind :
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
Ev'n with a mother's love.

Blest infant ! whom its mother taught
Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
The day-spring of the word ;
This was the lesson to her son,
—Time is Eternity begun ;
Behold that mother's love.

Blest mother ! who, in wisdom's path,
By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
And know the fear of God :
Ah ! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
Taught by that mother's love.

DOMESTIC POEMS.

That mother's love!—how sweet the name!

What *was* that mother's love?

—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,

That kindles from above

Within a heart of earthly mould,

As much of heaven as heart can hold,

Nor through eternity grows cold:

This was that mother's love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

HOME.

THAT is not home, where day by day

I wear the busy hours away.

That is not home, were lonely night

Prepares me for the toils of light—

'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give

A home in which the heart can live—

These walls no lingering hopes endear,

No fond remembrance chains me here.

Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—

Eliza, canst thou tell me why?

'Tis where thou art, is home to me,

And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,
And find in wildest haunts their home ;
And some in halls of lordly state,
Who yet are homeless, desolate.
The sailor's home is on the main,
The warrior's on the tented plain,
The maiden's in her bower of rest,
The infant's on his mother's breast—
But where thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,
They are too high, and cold, and wide :
No home is by the wanderer found :
'Tis not the place : it hath no bound.
It is a circling atmosphere
Investing all the heart holds dear ;—
A law of strange attractive force,
That holds the feelings in their course ;

It is a presence undefin'd,
O'er-shadowing the conscious mind,
Where love and duty sweetly blend
To consecrate the name of friend ;—
Where'er thou art, is home to me,
And home without thee cannot be.

My love, forgive the anxious sigh—
I hear the moments rushing by,

And think that life is fleeting fast,
That youth with us will soon be past.
O! when will time, consenting, give
The home in which my heart can live?
There shall the past and future meet,
And o'er our couch, in union sweet,
Extend their cherub wings, and shower
Bright influence on the present hour.
O! when shall Israel's mystic guide,
The pillar'd cloud, our steps decide,
Then, resting, spread its guardian shade,
To bless the home which love hath made?
Daily, my love, shall thence arise
Our hearts' united sacrifice;
And home indeed a home will be,
Thus consecrate and shar'd with thee.

JOSIAH CONDER.

LOVE AND DUTY.

'Twas summer evening's soft and shadowy calm;
When a fair-hair'd and graceful Village Girl,
Upon whose gentle cheek the ripening rose
Had scarcely blush'd to womanhood, stole forth
From the fond shelter of her father's cot,
To meet the youth she lov'd!—The trysting place
Seem'd a fit spot, chosen by Nature's self,
For love to build his shrine in!—overhead,

The sweetbriar and wild honeysuckle twin'd
Their scented blossoms ;—while young flowrets round,
The blue-tipp'd violet, and the heath-bell pale,
As if to add more fragrance to a scene,
Where Nature had been prodigal of sweets,
Gave, like some youthful beauty, coyly kind,
Their dewy perfume to the wooing breeze,
That kiss'd them as it pass'd.—

At this still hour,
When nothing save the nightingale, was heard,
Breathing her lonely lay, the maiden came,
With noiseless step gliding unmark'd along,
To join her Soldier-lover.—He was one,
Who to “ the pomp and circumstance of war,”
And the fond eloquence that Women prize,
Owed many a village conquest ;—nobly born,
And ranking with the lofty ones of earth
At courtly feast, or princely-crowded hall,
Where jewel'd dames contended for his smile ;
Yet would he stoop to pluck a lowly flower ;
And having snatch'd it from the parent stem,
To blossom in his heartless breast awhile,
Leave it to droop and perish. Light of mood,
Light too of love was he ; and oft would make,
With gay companions, o'er the festal board,
Such griefs a theme for merriment.

This eve,
(The last that would behold him in these shades,
For War had waved her crimson banner high,

And call'd her sons to arms;)—this very eve,
 Ere the chaste moon should look upon the world,
 Blushing, to mark its follies;—she had sworn,—
 She, who now stands beneath the woodbine boughs,
 That drop their honied blossoms on her head,—
 To share a Soldier's fortunes;—though she knew,
 For “quickly comes such knowledge” to the heart,
 She could be his, by none but guilty ties,
 Ties, Virtue may not sanction.—

As she stood

On the appointed spot, in pensive mood,
 Listening the well-known footstep, her blue eyes
 Bent on the earth, her finger on the lip,
 In silent contemplation;—through the leaves
 A gentle rustling stirr'd.—Not his the step,
 Nor his the touch, that met her drooping hand,
 And rous'd her musing fancy; but she turn'd,
 And at her side beheld an humble friend,
 The dumb attendant on her infant sports,
 Whose shaggy neck, in childhood's blameless years
 She oft had wreathed with flowers;—his presence now,
 As with caressing joy he greeted her,
 Wak'd feelings stiff'd long,—but unsubdu'd!

How oft in life the simplest incidents,
 A word, a look, a tone—at once recall,
 Striking some answering chord within the soul,
 The wanderer back to virtue;—or arrest
 Vice in her mad career;—o'er LILLIAS' heart
 Such feelings now held empire;—when a child,

A fearless, happy, laughter-loving thing,
Reaching for water-lilies in the stream,
Its faithless bank gave way ; ere any saw,
Ere any guessed her danger, TRAY had borne
His little mistress, dripping to the shore,
Pale as the flowers she sought for!

Thought of this
Brought thoughts of others with it ;—how, alas!
How shall her trembling, swelling heart decide,
’Twixt LOVE and DUTY ? shall she cling to *him*,
And fearless follow on through distant climes,
War’s chequer’d prospects ? Love has mighty power,
But Duty’s “ still small voice ” pleads in her soul
With greater eloquence ;—at Nature’s bidding,
A thousand tender, gentle thoughts arise,
To win her from such purpose !—now they steal,
Like distant music, o’er her struggling heart,
And melt it into softness ;—Memory too,
(Memory, the potent sorceress, who keeps
The golden key that opens the gate of tears,)
Tries her kind influence ;—leads the doubting maid,
Untwisting many a thread of tangled thought,
Back to the pleasures of her cottage-home ;
Painting in glowing tints to Fancy’s eye,
Joys she would sigh to leave ;—the rustic dance,
To the brisk pipe upon the village green,
At summer’s sunset hour ;—the merry tale,
Or sportive jest, told o’er the social fire,
When wintry torrents fall.

Then shifts the scene,
And lo! the sterner attributes of war—
The field of carnage and the bed of death,
Rise to her mental sight ;—with all the wants,
The wasting cares, indignities, and woes,
That women, never meant to share such toils,
Following a camp, must suffer :—then, again,
As busy Fancy plies her skilful loom,
Weaving the griefs of many years to come
Into a moment's space ;—again she sees
Tears, (and the bitterest tears that man can shed),
Wept for a daughter's shame, in eyes that once
Gleam'd with affection's pride ;—those hallow'd lips,
Whose morning prayer, whose nightly orison,
Breath'd o'er her head new blessings,—shall they grow
Wither'd and pale with curses ?—shall the heart
That *did* enshrine her, as a precious gem,
And own'd no other treasure, live to feel
Its milk of love turn'd into bitter gall,
Loathing a child's dishonour? Ah ! strange chance.
Cupid! thou boasted archer!—could thy dart
Sever at once, as with a giant's stroke,
Kind Nature's earliest ties!—Happy the maid,
Who, pausing upon vice's flower-crown'd brink,
Feels that no lover, and no power in love,
Can pay her, for a parent's banish'd smile,
Made stranger by her folly.

The maiden fled—
Nor dar'd to trust her heart ;—fled when she saw

A waving plume between the opening boughs;
Nor sought another glance;—nor stay'd to view
One pleading look, nor hear one subtle sigh,—
Convinc'd the maid who hesitates—is lost !

Time, with his chequer'd wing, lightly pass'd on,
And shew'd beneath a wealthy yeoman's roof
A happy family;—beside the fire
In the warm chimney's nook, a grey-hair'd man,
Loaded with age, reclin'd ;—around his knees
Two playful urchins gambol'd ;—one, a boy,
Robust and sturdy, fearlessly bestrode
His grandsire's idle crutch ;—his gentler mate,
A lovely girl, who wore her mother's smile,
Hung fond and silent on the old man's cheek ;
And with her little hands parted the locks
That envious Time had left him !—

At the board,

Well spread with rural luxuries, a form
Of manly grace presided—while, beside
Her husband's chair, a youthful matron sat,
Blessing the comforts round her ;—it was SHE,
Who, at the twilight hour, ten summers past,
Yielded her girlish love, with scarce a sigh,
At DUTY's bidding !

MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

THE SAILOR'S HOME.

MUCH would it please you, sometimes to explore
The peaceful dwellings of our borough poor ;
To view a sailor just return'd from sea,
His wife beside ; a child on either knee,
And others crowding near, that none may lose
The smallest portion of the welcome news ;
What dangers past, " when seas ran mountains high,
When tempests raved, and horrors veil'd the sky ;
When prudence fail'd, when courage grew dismay'd,
When the strong fainted, and the wicked pray'd,—
Then in the yawning gulf far down we drove,
And gazed upon the billowy mount above ;
Till up that mountain, swinging with the gale,
We view'd the horrors of the watery vale."

The trembling children look with steadfast eyes,
And panting, sob involuntary sighs ;
Soft sleep awhile his torpid touch delays,
And all is joy and piety and praise.

CRABBE.

THE EVENING NEWSPAPER.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening, who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage ;
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage ;
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work !
Which not ev'n critics criticise ; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence ; which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
Meanders, lubricate the course they take ;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved

To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always come to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.

COWPER.

THE GAMESTER.

SEE, where the victim stands !—not crown'd with flowers,
But compass'd round by fiends ;—his haggard cheek,
His beamless eye,—what tell they ?—Of lost hours,
With mute, but dreadful eloquence they speak !

Of fame, and fortune blighted—hopes betray'd—
And all the fearful wreck ONE cherish'd vice has made.

Hark ! to yon hollow laugh of desperate mirth,
That while it fires the brain, and lights the eye,
Sounds the last knell of peace—owing its birth
To the fierce pangs of mental agony ;—
'Tis the convulsive joy of wild despair, [share!
Wrung from the tortur'd heart ; a joy that demons

Oh ! love of play !—so call'd in fashion's phrase,
Blighter of social hearths and peaceful hours ;
Cankerer of manhood's fair and opening days,
That, but for thee, had else been strewn with flow'rs ;
Thou direst passion of the human heart,
Would that my feeble hand could paint thee as thou art.

Oh ! vice of all most hurtful to the soul,
Climax of ev'ry other vice !—the mind
That ONCE acknowledges thy fell control,
Spreads desolation round it ;—like the wind
That sweeps the desert in its poison'd wrath,
Shedding where'er it breathes, destruction in his path !

Oh ! vice of all most deadly ! on THEY shrine,
Nature's soft links,—Love's sweet and holy ties,
Fall early victims ;—all the bonds that twine
Around man's heart, light up a sacrifice
More cruel than on Bramah's blood-stain'd pyre,
Where Hindoo mothers joy to see their babes expire !

Fame, honour, fortune—all are swept away ;—
All swell the general wreck ;—Why stands he *HERE*,
A ruin'd, hopeless wretch ?—as breaks the day,
He quits the scene of plunder ;—in his ear
Ring the still rattling dice ; his throbbing brain,
Is crowded now with thoughts that ne'er shall rest again !

Rushing with horror, through the silent streets,
And shrinking from himself, he seeks his *HOME* !
(Once 'twas a happy one ;) his pale wife greets
His wish'd return with smiles. How can man roam
From woman's fond endearments, to partake
Those scenes that of his soul a leafless desert makes ?

Ah ! she has listen'd with a beating heart,
To ev'ry passing footstep ;—she has told
Each lingering hour's dull chime, with frequent start,
And tears, that none might chide and none behold !
And she has kiss'd her infant in its sleep,
Praying that Heav'n from *HIM* such fatal vice may keep !

But now she meets the lost one with a smile,
That would seem cheerful ;—save that her pale brow
And faded cheek tell other tale the while,
Of suff'rings which her lips will ne'er avow ;—
Fondly she clasps the wanderer to her breast,
Alas !—not even *there* can his wreck'd heart find rest !

She leads him to the couch, where calmly sleeps
His beggar'd child ;—Then e'en the *GAMESTER*'s soul
Owns all a *FATHER*'s feelings !—see, he weeps,
(But they are tears that madden as they roll,)

Oh ! drops by years of anguish cheaply bought,
Could he but wash away the ruin he has wrought !

It may not be !—already on his brow,
Cain-like is stamp'd, the burning mark of shame :
And the chill hand of Scorn is pointing now
Its with'ring finger, at his blighted name ;
It may not be !—ere sinks another sun, [done !
Self-murder crowns his guilt,—Despair's last work is

MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

THE noon-day sun is riding high,
Along the calm and cloudless sky ;
The mantle of its gorgeous glow
Floats sleepily o'er all below ;
And heaven and earth are brightly gay
Beneath the universal ray :
But not a wandering sunbeam falls
Within these high and hallowed walls,
Which echo back my lonely tread,
Like solemn answers from the dead ;
—The murmurs steal along the nave,
And die above my sister's grave !
'Tis evening—still I linger here ;
Yet sorrow speaks not in a tear !

The silence is so sadly deep,
The place so pure, I dare not weep :
I sit as in a shapeless dream,
Where all is changing, save its theme ;
And if a sigh will sometimes heave
A heart that loves but may not grieve,
It seems as though the spirits round
Sent back reproachfully the sound ;
And then I start and think I have
A chiding from my sister's grave !

The feeling is a nameless one
With which I sit upon thy stone,
And read the tale I dare not breathe,
Of blighted hope that sleeps beneath.
A simple tablet bears above
Brief record of a father's love,
And hints, in language yet more brief,
The story of a father's grief ;
Around the night-breeze sadly plays,
With 'scutcheons of the elder days ;
And faded banners dimly wave
On high, right o'er my sister's grave.

Lost spirit !—thine was not a breast
To struggle vainly after rest ;
Thou wert not made to bear the strife,
Nor labour through the storms of life :
Thy heart was in too warm a mould
To mingle with the dull and cold ;

And every thought that wronged thy truth,
Fell like a blight upon thy youth :
Thou should'st have been, for thy distress
Less pure, and, oh ! more passionless ;
For sorrow's wasting mildew gave
Thy beauty to my sister's grave.

But all thy griefs, my girl, are o'er.—
Thy fair blue eyes will weep no more ;
'Tis sweet to know thy fragile form
Lies safe from every future storm.
Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom,
That gathers round thy peaceful tomb,
I love to see the lightning stream
Along thy stone with fitful gleam ;
To fancy in each flash are given
Thy spirit's visitings from heaven ;
And smile to hear the tempest rave
Above my sister's quiet grave !

T. K. HERVEY.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S SISTER.

LOUISE ! you wept, that morn of gladness
Which made your Brother blest ;
And tears of half-reproachful sadness
Fell on the bridegroom's vest :
Yet, pearly tears were those, to gem
A sister's bridal diadem.

No words could half so well have spoken,
What thus was deeply shewn
By Nature's simplest, dearest token,
How much was then my own ;
Endearing her for whom they fell,
And thee, for having loved so well.

But now no more—nor let a brother,
Louise, regretful see,
That still 'tis sorrow to another,
That he should happy be.
Those were, I trust, the only tears
That day should cost through coming years.

Smile with us. Happy and light-hearted,
We three the time will while.
And when sometimes a season parted,
Still think of us and smile.
But come to us in gloomy weather ;
We'll weep, when we must weep, together.

JOSIAH CONDER.

SUMMER EVENING AT THE FARM.

Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creeking comes the empty wain ;
And driver on the shaft-horse sits
Whistling now and then by fits ;

And oft with his accustomed call
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still, the master's gone,
And thrasher puts his jacket on ;
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead Kite up to the wall.

Here comes Shepherd Jack at last,
He has penned the sheep-cote fast ;
For 'twas but two nights before,
A lamb was eaten on the moor.
His empty wallet Rover carries,
Nor for Jack, when near home, tarries.
With lolling tongue, he runs to try
If the horse-trough is not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper-messes in the cans ;
In the oval carts are wheeled,
And both the colts are drove a-field.
The snare for mister fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet ;
And Bess has stolen away to talk
With Roger in the holly-walk.

KIRKE WHITE.

FRIENDSHIP DESTROYED.

ALAS ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;

And constancy lives in realms above ;
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain :
And to be wrath with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother :
They parted ne'er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder :
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE.

THE POOR HOUSE.

Your plan I love not ;—with a number you
Have placed your poor, your pitiable few ;
There in one house, throughout their lives to be,
The pauper-palace which they hate to see :
That giant building, that high-bounding wall,
Those bare-worn walks, that lofty thundering hall !

That large loud clock, which tolls each dreaded hour,
Those gates and locks, and all those signs of power :
It is a prison, with a milder name,
Which few inhabit without dread or shame.

Be it agreed—the poor who hither come,
Partake of plenty, seldom found at home ;
That airy rooms and decent beds are meant,
To give the poor by day, by night, content ;
That none are frighten'd, once admitted here,
By the stern looks of lordly overseer :
Grant that the guardians of the place attend,
And ready ear to each petition lend ;
That they desire the grieving poor to show
What ills they feel, what partial acts they know,
Not without promise, nay desire to heal
Each wrong they suffer and each woe they feel.

Alas! their sorrows in their bosoms dwell,
They've much to suffer, but have nought to tell ;
They have no evil in the place to state,
And dare not say, it is the house they hate :
They own there's granted all such place can give,
But live repining, for 'tis there they live.

Grandsires are there, who now no more must see,
No more must nurse upon the trembling knee
The lost loved daughter's infant progeny :
Like death's dread mansion, this allows not place
For joyful meetings of a kindred race.

Is not the matron there, to whom the son
Was wont at each declining day to run ;
He (when his toil was over) gave delight,
By lifting up the latch, and one " Good night ?"
Yes ; she is here, but nightly to her door
The son, still labouring, can return no more.

Widows are here, who in their huts were left,
Of husbands, children, plenty, ease bereft ;
Yet all that grief within the humble shed
Was soften'd, softened in the humble bed :
But here, in all its force, remains the grief,
And not one softening object for relief.

Who can, when here, the social neighbour meet ?
Who learn the story current in the street ?
Who to the long known intimate impart
Facts they have learned or feelings of the heart ;—
They talk indeed, but who can choose a friend,
Or seek companions at their journey's end ?

Here are not those whom they, when infants, knew ;
Who, with like fortune, up to manhood grew ;
Who, with like troubles, at old age arrived ;
Who, like themselves, the joy of life survived ;
Whom time and custom so familiar made,
That looks the meaning in the mind convey'd :
But here to strangers, words nor looks impart
The various movements of the suffering heart ;—
Nor will that heart with those alliance own,
To whom its views and hopes are all unknown.

What if no grievous fears their lives annoy,
Is it not worse no prospects to enjoy?
'Tis cheerless living in such bounded view,
With nothing dreadful, but with nothing new;
Nothing to bring them joy, to make them weep,—
The day itself is, like the night, asleep:
Or on the sameness, if a break be made,
'Tis by some pauper to his grave convey'd;
By smuggled news from neighb'ring village told,
News never true, or truth a twelvemonth old;
By some new inmate doom'd with them to dwell,
Or justice comes to see that all goes well;
Or change of room, or hour of leave to crawl
On the black footway winding with the wall,
Till the stern bell forbids, or master's sterner call.

Here too the mother sees her children train'd,
Her voice excluded and her feelings pain'd:
Who govern here, by general rules must move,
Where ruthless custom rends the bond of love.
Nations, we know, have nature's laws transgress'd,
And snatch'd the infant from the parent's breast;
But still for public good the boy was train'd,
The mother suffer'd, but the matron gain'd:
Here nature's outrage serves no cause to aid,
The ill is felt, but not the Spartan made.

Then too, I own, it grieves me to behold
Those ever virtuous, helpless now and old,

By all for care and industry approved,
For truth respected, and for temper loved ;
And who by sickness and misfortune tried,
Gave want his worth and poverty his pride :
I own it grieves me to behold them sent
From their old home ; 'tis pain, 'tis punishment,
To leave each scene familiar, every face,
For a new people and a stranger race ;
For those who sunk in sloth and dead to shame,
From scenes of guilt with daring spirits came ;
Men, just and guileless, at such matters start,
And bless their God that time has fenced their heart,
Confirm'd their virtue, and expell'd the fear
Of vice in minds so simple and sincere.

Here the good pauper, losing all the praise
By worthy deeds acquired in better days,
Breathes a few months, then to his chamber led,
Expires, while strangers prattle round his bed.

The grateful hunter, when his horse is old ;
Wills not the useless favorite to be sold ;
He knows his former worth, and gives him place
In some fair pasture, till he runs his race :
But has the labourer, has the seaman done
Less worthy service, though not dealt to one ?
Shall we not then contribute to their ease,
In their old haunts where ancient objects please ?
That, till their sight shall fail them, they may trace
The well-known prospect and the long-loved face.

The noble oak, in distant ages seen,
With far-stretch'd boughs and foliage fresh and green,
Though now its bare and forky branches show
How much it lacks the vital warmth below.
The stately ruin yet our wonder gains,
Nay, moves our pity without thought of pains :
Much more shall really wants and cares of age
Our gentler passions in their cause engage ;—
Drooping and burthen'd with the weight of years,
What venerable ruin *man* appears !
How worthy pity, love, respect, and grief—
He claims protection—he compels relief ;—
And shall we send him from our view, to brave
The storms abroad, whom we at home might save,
And let a stranger dig our ancient brother's grave ?
No !—we will shield him from the storm he fears,
And when he falls embalm him with our tears.

CRABBE.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I HAVE had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women ;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man ;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Each seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

CHARLES LAMB.

THE FOUNTAIN.

WE talk'd with open heart and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat ;
And from the turf a fountain broke,
And gurgled at our feet.

“ Now, Matthew ! ” said I, “ let us match
This water’s pleasant tune
With some old Border-song, or Catch,
That suits a summer’s noon.

Or if the Church-clock and the chime
Sing here beneath the shade,
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made ! ”

In silence Matthew lay and eyed
The spring beneath the tree ;
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-haired man of glee :

“ Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes !
’Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain’s brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay :
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

The Blackbird in the summer trees,
The Lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

With Nature never do *they* wage
A foolish strife : they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free :

But we are press'd by heavy laws ;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

If there is one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth."

WORDSWORTH.

AN AUTHOR'S CHAMBER.

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay ;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parsons' black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane ;
There in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug.
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly show'd the state in which he lay ;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread ;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread ;
The royal game of Goose was there in view,
And the Twelve Rules the royal martyr drew ;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold ; he views with keen desire .
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire ;
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd tea-cups dress'd the chimney-board ;
A night-cap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night—a stocking all the day !

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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TO A LADY ON HER RECOVERY FROM A
SEVERE ATTACK OF PAIN.

'Twas my last waking thought, how can be,
That thou, sweet friend, such anguish shouldst endure?
When straight from Dreamland came a Dwarf, and he
Could tell the cause, forsooth, and knew the cure.

Methought he fronted me with peering look,
Fix'd on my heart; and read aloud, in game,
The loves and griefs therein, as from a book;
And utter'd praise like one who wish'd to blame.

In every heart (quoth he), since Adam's sin,
Two FOUNTS there are, of SUFFERING and of CHEER,
That to let forth, and *this* to keep within!
But she, whose aspect I find imaged here,

Of pleasure only will to all dispense;
That Fount alone unlock, by no distress
Choked or turn'd inward; but still issue thence
Unconquer'd cheer, persistent loveliness.

As on the driving cloud the shiny bow,
That gracious thing, made up of tears and light,
'Mid the wild rack, and rain that slants below,
Stands smiling forth unmov'd, and freshly bright;

As though the spirits of all lovely flowers,
Inweaving each its wreath and dewy crown,
Or ere they sank to earth in vernal showers,
Had built a bridge to tempt the angels down.

Ev'n so, Eliza! on that face of thine,
On that benignant face,—whose look alone
(The soul's translucence through her crystal shrine!)
Has power to sooth all anguish but thine own—

A Beauty hovers still, and ne'er takes wing;
But with a silent charm compels the stern
And fost'ring Genius of the BITTER SPRING,
To shrink aback, and cower upon his urn.

Who then needs wonder if (no outlet found
In passion, spleen, or strife) the FOUNT OF PAIN,
O'erflowing, beats against its lovely mound,
And in wild flashes shoots from heart to brain?

Sleep, and the Dwarf with that unsteady gleam,
On his rais'd lip, that aped a critic smile,
Had pass'd: yet I, my sad thoughts to beguile,
Lay weaving on the tissue of my dream.

Till audibly at length I cried, as though
Thou hadst indeed been present to my eyes,
O sweet, sweet sufferer! if the case be so,
I pray thee be *less* good, *less* sweet, *less* wise!

In every look a barbed arrow send ;
On those soft lips let scorn and anger live ;
Do *any* thing, rather than thus, sweet friend,
Hoard for thyself the pain thou wilt not give !”

COLERIDGE.

THE FRIENDS OF BOYHOOD.

TALK not of years ! 'twas yesterday
We chased the hoop together ;
And for the plover's speckled egg,
We waded through the heather.

The green is gay, where gowans* grow ;
'Tis Saturday,—Oh ! come,
Hark ! Hear ye not our mother's voice,
The earth ?—she calls us home.

Have we not found that fortune's chase
For glory, or for treasure ;
Unlike the rolling circle's race
Was pastime, without pleasure.

But seize your glass—another time
We'll think of clouded days ;
I'll give a toast,—fill up, my friend,
Here's “ Boy's and merry plays !”

JOHN GALT.

* Wild daisies.

NARRATIVE

AND

LEGENDARY POEMS.

NARRATIVE AND LEGENDARY POEMS.

"THOUGH sunken in his hede, his eyes were brighte
Shrivell'd his lippes, his haire was silverie white ;
And seldom spake that lonesomme, grave old manne
Save at the ingle side, when night beganne.
There would a' tell some historie in rhyme
Or legend terrible of olden time.
At first he spake in age's treble-tones,
Soft as the wind when through the grave it moans ;
But as the plotte progreeste his voice, at laste
Encreas'd and deepen'd like the tempest's blaste,
Then his rapt listeners would holde their breathe
Dumb with expectancy, until the tale would end with joy or deathe."

THE OLD CLERKE.

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school :
There were some that ran, and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gainsome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can :
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside ;
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome ;
With a fast and a fervid grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp :
“ O God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“ My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable ?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable ? ”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“ It is ‘The Death of Abel.’ ”

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again ;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain ;

And long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves !
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves ;
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves ;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod !
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God !

He told how murderers walk'd the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain ;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain !

“ And well,” quoth he, “ I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe—
Who spill life's sacred stream !
For why ? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream !

“ One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man, and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold :
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold !

“ Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“ Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“ And lo ! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame,—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by the hand,
And called upon his name !

“ O God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot,
Was scorching in my brain !

“ My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart was solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the devil's price :
A dozen times I groan'd ; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice !

“ And now from forth the frowning sky,
From the heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :—
' Thou guilty man ! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight ! '

“ I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream !

“ Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young
That evening in the school !

“ O heaven ! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim !
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn :
Like a devil of the pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy cherubim !

“ And peace went with them one and all,
And each calm pillow spread ;
But guilt was my grim chamberlain
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red !

“ All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep ;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep ;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep !

“ All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That racked me all the time,—
A mighty yearning like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up,—as soon
As light was in the sky,—
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry !

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing !
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran,
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man !

“ And all that day I read in School,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

“ Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep ;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep !

“ So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
Till blood for blood atones !
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones ;
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones !

" O God, that horrid, horrid dream
Beats me now awake!
Again—again with a dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

" And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow!

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchins' eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

T. HOOD.

THE VIGIL OF ST. MARK.

RETURNING from their evening walk,
On yonder ancient stile,
In sweet, romantic, tender talk,
Two lovers paused awhile.

Edmund, the monarch of the dale,
 All conscious of his powers;
 Ella, the lily of the vale,
 The rose of Auburn's bowers.

In airy love's delightful bands
 He held her heart in vain;
 The nymph denied her willing hands
 To hymen's awful chain.

"Ah! why," said he, "our bliss delay?
 Mine Ella! why so cold?
 Those who but love from day to day,
 From day to day grow old.

"The bounding arrow cleaves the sky,
 Nor leaves a trace behind;
 And single lives like arrows fly—
 They vanish through the wind.

"In wedlock's sweet endearing lot
 Let us improve the scene,
 That some may be, when we are not,
 To tell—that we have been."

"'Tis now," replied the village belle,
 "St. Mark's mysterious eve;
 And all that old traditions tell
 I tremblingly believe:

“ How, When the midnight signal tolls,
Along the church-yard green,
A mournful train of sentenc'd souls
In winding sheets are seen !

“ The ghosts of all whom death shall doom
Within the coming year,
In pale procession walk the gloom,
Amid the silence drear !

“ If Edmund, bold in conscious might,
By love severely tried,
Can brave the terrors of to-night,
Ella will be his bride.”

She spoke, and, like the nimble fawn,
From Edmund's presence fled :
He sought across the rural lawn,
The dwelling of the dead !

That silent, solemn, simple spot,
The mouldering realm of peace,
Where human passions are forgot !
Where human follies cease !

The gliding moon through heaven serene
Pursued her tranquil way,
And shed o'er all the sleeping scene
A soft nocturnal day.

With swelling heart and eager feet
Young Edmund gained the church,
And chose his solitary seat
Within the dreadful porch.

Thick threatening clouds assembling soon,
Their dragon wings display'd ;
Eclips'd the slow retiring moon,
And quench'd the stars in shade.

Amid the dark abyss of gloom
No ray of beauty smiled,
Save glistening o'er some haunted tomb,
The glowworm's lustre wild.

The village watch-dogs bay'd around,
The long grass whistled drear,
The steeple trembled to the ground,
Ev'n Edmund quaked with fear.

All on a sudden died the blast,
Dumb horror chill'd the air,
While nature seem'd to pause aghast,
In uttermost despair.

Twelve times the midnight herald toll'd,
As oft did Edmund start ;
For every stroke fell dead and cold
Upon his fainting heart.

Then glaring through the ghastly gloom,
Along the church-yard green,
The destined victims of the tomb
In winding sheets were seen.

In that strange moment Edmund stood,
Sick with severe surprise ;
While creeping horror drank his blood,
And fixed his flinty eyes.

He saw the secrets of the grave !
He saw the face of death !
No pitying power appeared to save—
He gasped away his breath !

Yet still the scene his soul beguil'd,
And every spectre cast
A look unutterably wild
On Edmund as they pass'd.

All on the ground entranc'd he lay ;
At length the vision broke !
When lo ! a kiss as cold as clay,
The slumbering youth awoke.

That moment, through a rifted cloud,
The darting moon display'd,
Rob'd in a melancholy shroud,
The image of a maid.

Her dusky veil aside she threw,
And show'd a face most fair;
To clasp his Ella, Edmund flew,
And rush'd through empty air!

"Ha! who art thou!" his cheek grew pale:
A well known voice replied,
"Ella, the lily of the vale!
Ella—thy destined bride!"

To win his neck, her airy arms
The pallid phantom spread;
Recoiling from her blasted charms,
The affrighted lover fled.

To shun the visionary maid
His speed outstript the wind;
But though unseen to move, the shade
Was evermore behind!

So death's unerring arrows glide,
Yet seem'd suspended still:
Nor pause, nor shrink, nor turn aside,
But smite, subdue, and kill.

O'er many a mountain, moor and vale,
On that tremendous night,
The ghost of Ella, wild and pale,
Pursued her lover's flight.

NARRATIVE AND

But when the dawn began to gleam,
Ere yet the morning shone,
She vanish'd like a night-mare dream,
And Edmund stood alone.

Three days, bewilder'd and forlorn,
He sought his home in vain ;
At length he hail'd the hoary thorn
That crown'd his native plain.

'Twas evening :—All the air was balm,
The Heavens serenely clear :
When the soft music of a psalm
Came pensive o'er his ear.

Then sunk his heart ; a strange surmise
Made all his blood run cold ;
He flew,—a funeral met his eyes !
He paused,—a death-bell toll'd.

“ 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! ” He burst away ;
And bending o'er the spot
Where all that once was Ella lay,
He all beside forgot !

A maniac now, in dumb despair,
With love bewildered mien,
He wanders, weeps and watches there,
Among the hillocks green.

And every eve of pale St. Mark,
As village hinds relate,
He walks with Ella in the dark,
And reads the rolls of fate !

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ELLEN.

Is she not beautiful, although so pale ?
The first May flowers are not more colourless
Than her white cheek ; yet I recall the time
When she was call'd the rose-bud of our village.
There was a blush, half modesty, half health,
Upon her cheek fresh as the summer morn
With which she rose. A cloud of chesnut curls
Like twilight darken'd o'er her blue-vein'd brow ;
And through their hazel curtains eyes whose light
Was like the violets when April skies
Have given their own pure colour to the leaves,
Shone sweet and silent as the twilight star.
And she was happy ; innocence and hope
Make the young heart a paradise for love.
And she loved and was loved. The youth was one
That dwelt upon the waters. He had been
Where sweeps the blue Atlantic a wide world—
Had seen the sun light up the flowers like gems
In the bright Indian isles—had breathed the air
When sweet with cinnamon and gum and spice,

But he said that no air brought health or balm
Like that on his own hills, when it had swept
O'er orchards in their bloom, or hedges, where
Blossom'd the hawthorn and the honeysuckle ;—
That, but one voyage more and he would come
To his dear Ellen and her cottage home—
Dwell there in love and peace. And then he kiss'd
Her tears away, talk'd of the pleasant years
Which they should pass together—of the pride
He would take in his constancy. Oh hope
Is very eloquent ; and as the hours
Pass'd by their fireside in calm cheerfulness,
Ellen forgot to weep.

At length the time
Of parting came ; 'twas the first month of spring.
Like a green fan spread the horse-chesnut leaves,
A shower of yellow bloom was on the elm,
The daisies shone like silver, and the boughs
Were cover'd with their blossoms, and the sky
Was like an augury of hope, so clear
So beautifully blue. Love ! oh young Love !
Why hast thou not security ? Thou art
Like a bright river on whose course the weeds
Are thick and heavy : briars are on its banks,
And jagged stones and rocks are 'mid its waves.
Conscious of its own beauty, it will rush
Over its many obstacles, and pant
For some green valley as its quiet home.

Either it rushes with a desperate leap
Over its barriers, foaming passionate,
But prison'd still ; or winding languidly
Becomes dark like oblivion, or else wastes
Itself away.—This is Love's history!

'They parted one spring evening ; the green sea
Had scarce a curl upon its wave : the ship
Rode like a Queen of Ocean,—Ellen wept,
But not disconsolate, for she had hope ;
She knew not then the bitterness of tears.
But night closed in, and with the night there came
Tempest upon the wind ; the ocean light
Glared like a funeral pile ; all else was black
And terrible as death. We heard a sound
Come from the ocean—one lone signal gun,
Asking for help in vain—follow'd by shrieks,
Borne by the ravening gale ; then deepest silence ;
Some gallant souls had perish'd. With the first
Dim light of morn we sought the beach ; and there
Lay fragments of a ship, and human shapes,
A sight of living misery, met our gaze ;
Ghastly and gash'd. But the worst sight of all
Seated upon a rock, drench'd by the rain,
Her hair torn by the wind, there Ellen sat,
Pale, motionless. How could love guide her there ?
A corpse lay by her, in her arms its head
Found a fond pillow ; and o'er it she watch'd
As the young mother watches her first child.
It was her lover !

L. E. L.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART I.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it open'd its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt every where ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

The snow-drop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mix'd with fresh odours, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied-wind flowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness ;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green ;

And the hyacinth, purple and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-colour'd cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberosé,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmer'd by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance,
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells,
As fair as the fabulous asphodels ;
And flowrets, which drooping as day droop'd too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it,)

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapp'd and fill'd by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver—

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds, which from unstaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on the sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drown'd
In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness ;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mix'd with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest ;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest, and yet the favorite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

PART II.

THERE was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden ; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers, did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion,
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laugh'd round her footsteps up from the earth !

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kiss'd the sleep from her eyes,
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise :

As if some bright spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Though the veil of daylight conceal'd him from her.

Her step seem'd to pity the grass it prest ;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind,
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind.

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoic'd in the sound of her gentle feet ;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam ;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder-showers.

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustain'd them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants, she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull
For the poor banish'd insects, whose intent
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris,
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an ante-natal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar bark.

This fairest creature, from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf look'd brown—she died!

PART III.

THREE days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awaken'd were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chant,
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass:
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan.

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul;
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flow'd,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun look'd clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose-leaves, like flakes of crimson now,
Pav'd the turf and the moss below;
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf after leaf, day after day,
Were mass'd into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and grey, and red,
And white, with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry winds past;
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds
Out of their birth-place of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set,
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks
Were bent and tangled across the walks;
And the leafless net-work of parasite bowers
Mass'd into ruin, and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathiest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splash'd with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and the henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretch'd out its long and hollow shank,
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Fill'd the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics and fungi, with mildew and mould,
Started like mist from the wet ground cold;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated!

Their mass rotted off them, flake by flake,
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake ;
Where rags of loose flesh yet tremble on high,
Infecting the winds that wander by.

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum,
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb,
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Damn'd it up with roots knotted like water-snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill :
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted like broad noon-day
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit
By a venomous blight was burn'd and bit.

The Sensitive Plant, like one forbid,
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves, which together grew,
Where changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore,
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip :
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills,
And they clank'd at his girdle like manacles.

His breath was a chain, which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound ;
He came, fiercely driven in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath ;
Their decay and sudden flight from frost
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost !

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want,
The birds dropp'd stiff from the frozen air,
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain,
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steam'd up a freezing dew
Which to drops of the thaw-rain grew ;

And a northern whirlwind, wand'ring about
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapp'd them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back,
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ; [darnels,
But the mandrakes, and toad-stools, and docks, and
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

SHELLEY.

A GRANDSIRE'S TALE.

THE tale I tell was told me long ago ;
Yet mirthful ones, since heard, have pass'd away,
While this still wakens memory's fondest glow,
And feelings fresh as those of yesterday :
'Twas told me by a man whose hairs were gray,
Whose brow bore token of the lapse of years,
Yet o'er his heart affection's gentle sway
Maintain'd that lingering spell which age endears,
And while he told his tale his eyes were dim with tears.

But not with tears of sorrow ;—for the eye
Is often wet with joy and gratitude ;
And well his faltering voice, and tear, and sigh,
Declared a heart by thankfulness subdued :
Brief feelings of regret might there intrude,
Like clouds which shade awhile the moon's fair light ;
But meek submission soon her power renew'd,
And patient smiles, by tears but made more bright,
Confess'd that God's decree was wise, and good, and right.

It was a winter's evening ;—clear, but still :
Bright was the fire, and bright the silvery beam
Of the fair moon shone on the window-sill,
And parlour floor ;—the softly mingled gleam
Of fire and moonlight suited well a theme
Of pensive converse, unallied to gloom ;
Ours varied like the subjects of a dream ;
And turn'd, at last, upon the silent tomb,
Earth's goal for hoary age, and beauty's smiling bloom.

We talk'd of life's last hour,—the varied forms
And features it assumes ;—how some men die
As sets the sun when dark clouds threaten storms,
And starless night ; others whose evening sky
Resembles those which to the outward eye
Seem full of promise :—and with soften'd tone,
At seasons check'd by no ungrateful sigh,
The death of one sweet grandchild of his own
Was by that hoary man most tenderly made known.

She was, he said, a fair and lovely child
As ever parent could desire to see,
Or seeing, fondly love ; of manners mild,
Affections gentle,—even in her glee,
Her very mirth from levity was free ;
But her more common mood of mind was one
Thoughtful beyond her early age, for she
In ten brief years her little course had run,—
Many more brief have known, but brighter surely none.

Though some might deem her pensive, if not sad,
Yet those who knew her better, best could tell
How calmly happy, and how meekly glad
Her quiet heart in its own depths did dwell :
Like to the waters of some crystal well,
In which the stars of heaven at noon are seen,
Fancy might deem on her young spirit fell
Glimpses of light more glorious and serene
Than that of life's brief day, so heavenly was her mien.

But, though no boisterous playmate, her fond smile,
Had sweetness in it passing that of mirth ;
Loving and kind, her thoughts, words, deeds, the while
Betray'd of childish sympathies no dearth :
She loved the wild flowers scatter'd over earth,
Bright insects sporting in the light of day,
Blithe songsters giving joyous music birth
In groves impervious to the noontide ray ;— [gay.
All these she loved as much as those who seem'd more

Yet more she loved the word, the smile, the look
Of those who rear'd her with religious care ;
With fearful joy she conn'd that holy book,
At whose unfolded page full many a prayer,
In which her weal immortal had its share,
Recurr'd to memory ; for she had been trained,
Young as she was, her early cross to bear ;
And taught to love, with fervency unfeign'd,
The record of His life whose death salvation gain'd.

I dare not linger, like my ancient friend,
On every charm and grace of this fair maid;
For in his narrative the story's end
Was long with fond prolixity delay'd ;
Though rightly fancy had its close portray'd
Before I heard it. Who but might have guess'd
That one so ripe for heaven would early fade
In this brief state of trouble and unrest ;
Yet only wither here to bloom in life more bless'd ?

My theme is one of joy, and not of grief ;
I would not loiter o'er such flower's decay,
Nor stop to paint it, slowly, leaf by leaf,
Fading, and sinking towards its parent clay :
She sank, as sinks the glorious orb of day,
His glories brightening at his journey's close !
Yet with that chasten'd, soft, and gentle ray
In which no dazzling splendour fiercely glows,
But on whose mellow'd light our eyes with joy repose.

Her strength was failing, but it seem'd to sink
So calmly, tenderly, it woke no fear ;
'Twas like a rippling wave on ocean's brink,
Which breaks in dying music on the ear,
And placid beauty on the eye ; no tear,
Except of quiet joy, in hers was known :
Though some there were around her justly dear,
Her love for whom in every look was shown,
Yet more and more she sought and loved to be alone.

One summer morn they miss'd her : she had been,
As usual, to the garden arbour brought,
After their morning meal ; her placid mien
Had worn no seeming shade of graver thought,
Her voice, her smile, with cheerfulness was fraught ;
And she was left amid that peaceful scene
A little space ;—but when she there was sought,
In her secluded oratory green,
Their arbour's sweetest flower had left its leafy screen.

'They found her in her chamber, by the bed
Whence she had risen, and on the bedside chair,
Before her, was an open Bible spread ;
Herself upon her knees ; with tender care
They stole on her devotions, when the air
Of her meek countenance the truth made known ;
The child had died ! died in the act of prayer !
And her pure spirit, without sigh or groan,
To heaven and endless joy from earth and grief had flown.

BERNARD BARTON.

THE PAINTER'S DREAM.

As calm, by the tomb of Ali, dream'd
A Painter once before his eyes,
Sudden the shade of that Hero seem'd,
Like a being, born of Light, to rise.

All arm'd he stood, and sternly bright
As, on Ohod's field, he bore his brow,
With that heron plume, before whose light
The lords of the earth are proud to bow ;—

And the two-edg'd sword, as erst it flamed
From rank to rank, the Battle's Star ;
While foes, as fleet they fled, exclaim'd,
“ There never was sword like Sulfakhar !”

But the eyes—the eyes—the matchless eyes,—
So sudden a light from their black orbs broke,
Like dawn, at once, out of midnight skies,
That the sleeper, dazzled, amazed, awoke !

Quick, quick, the pallet, inspired he took,
And, if ever the race of mortal men
Had a chance of knowing what Ali's look
Could be, in his might of fire, 'twas then !

Like magic beneath the Painter's touch,
Upkindled to life each manly grace ;
But the eyes, the eyes—O far too much
Was the task for earth such eyes to trace.

Better that they were veiled, or blind,
So fancy, at least, might wander free,
Leaving all future woman-kind
To dream what eyes so bright must be !

Vividly, then,—as memory, true
To that fresh dream, retrac'd it all,—
The brow, the figure, the garb he drew,
But over those eyes a vail let fall.

Nor ever, from that recorded day,
Have the muse of Painting's warmest dyes,
Or the muse of Poesy's boldest lay
Ventured to picture Ali's eyes.

THOMAS MOORE.

LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

THEY made her grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true ;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by the fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of death is near ;

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore ;
Through tangled juniper beds of reeds,
Through many a fen where the serpent feeds,
And man ne'er trod before !

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If sleep his eye-lids knew,
He lay where the deadly vines do weep
Their venomous tears—and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the sea-wolf stirred the brake,
And the rattlesnake breath'd in his ear,
Till he, starting, cried, from his dream awake,
“ Oh ! when shall I see the dusky lake,
And the white canoe of my dear ? ”

He saw the lake, and the meteor bright
Quick o'er the surface play'd :—
“ Welcome,” he said, “ my dear one's light ! ”
And the dim shore echoed for many a night
The name of the death-cold maid !

Till he formed a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore ;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark,
The winds were high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return'd no more !

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true,
Are seen by the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by the fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe !

THOMAS MOORE.

ALP, THE RENEGADE.

He sate him down at a pillar's base,
And pass'd his hand athwart his face ;
Like one in dreary musing mood,
Declining was his attitude ;
His head was drooping on his breast,
Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd ;
And o'er his brow so downward bent,
Oft his beating fingers went
Hurriedly, as you may see
Your own run o'er the ivory key,
Ere the measured tone is taken
By the chords you would awaken.
There he sate all heavily,
As he heard the night-wind sigh.
Was it the wind, through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan ?
He lifted his head, and he look'd on the sea,
But it was unrippled as glass may be ;
He look'd on the long grass—it waved not a blade,
How was that gentle sound conveyed ?

He look'd to the banners—each flag lay still,
So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,
And he felt not a breath come over his cheek ;
What did that sudden sound bespeak ?
He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight ?
There sate a lady, youthful and bright.

He started up with more of fear
Than if an armed foe were near.
“ God of my fathers ! what is here ?
Who art thou, and wherefore sent
So near a hostile armament ? ”
His trembling hands refused to sign
The cross he deem'd no more divine ;
He had resumed it in that hour,
But conscience wrung away the power.
He gazed, he saw ; he knew the face
Of beauty, and the form of grace ;
It was Francesca by his side,
The maid who might have been his bride !

The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak :
Where was the play of her soft lips fled ?
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue ;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining ;

Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm show'd white and bare :
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high ;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.

“ I come from my rest to him I love best,
That I may be happy, and he may be blest.
I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall ;
Sought thee in safety through foes and all.
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity ;
And the Power on high, that can shield the good
Thus from the tyrant of the wood,
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well
From the hands of the leaguering infidel.
I come—and if I come in vain,
Never, oh never, we meet again !
Thou hast done a fearful deed
In falling away from thy father's creed :
But dash that turban to earth, and sign
The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine ;
Wring the black drop from thy heart,
And to-morrow unites us no more to part.”

“ And where should our bridal couch be spread ?
In the midst of the dying and the dead ?
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter and flame
The sons and the shrines of the Christian name.”

None save thou and thine, I've sworn,
Shall be left upon the morn :
But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,
Where our hands shall be join'd and our sorrow forgot
There thou yet shalt be my bride,
When once again I've quell'd the pride
Of Venice ; and her hated race
Have felt the arm they would debase
Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those
Whom vice and envy made my foes."

Upon his hand she laid her own—
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,
And shot a chillness to his heart,
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.
Though slight was the grasp so mortal cold,
He could not loose him from its hold :
But never did clasp of one so dear
Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,
As those thin fingers, long and white,
Froze through his blood by their touch that night.
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,
And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone,
As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue
So deeply chang'd from what he knew :
Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day ;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream :
Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare,
Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,
Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight ;
As they seem, through the dimness, about to come down
From the shadowy wall where their images frown ;
Fearfully flitting to and fro,
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

“ If not, for love of me be given
Thus much, then, for the love of heaven,
Again I say that turban tear
From off thy faithless brow, and swear
Thine injured country's sons to spare,
Or thou art lost ; and never shalt see—
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or me.
If this thou dost accord, albeit
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,
And mercy's gate may receive thee within :
But pause one moment more, and take
The curse of Him thou didst forsake :
And look once more to heaven, and see
Its love for ever shut from thee :

There is a light cloud by the moon—
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—
If, by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged ;
Dark will thy doom be, darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Alp looked to heaven, and saw on high
The sign she spake of in the sky ;
But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,
By deep interminable pride :
This first false passion of his breast
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.
He sue for mercy ! *He* dismayed
By wild words of a timid maid !
He, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save
Her sons, devoted to the grave !
No—though that cloud were thunder's worst,
And charged to crush him—let it burst.

He look'd upon it earnestly,
Without an accent of reply ;
He watch'd it passing ; it is flown—
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,
And thus he spake : " Whate'er my fate,
I am no changeling—'tis too late :
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,
Then rise again ; the tree must shiver.
What Venice made me, I must be—

Her foe in all, save love to thee ;
But thou art safe ; oh, fly with me !”
He turn’d, but she is gone !
Nothing is there but the column stone.
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted in air ?
He saw not, he knew not ; but nothing is there.

LORD BYRON.

LORD ULLIN’S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, “ Boatman ! do not tarry,
And I’ll give thee a silver pound
To row us o’er the ferry.”

“ Now who are ye would pass Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?”

“ Oh ! I’m the Chief of Ulva’s Isle,
And this Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“ And fast before her father’s men,
Three days we’ve fled together,
For if he find us in the glen,
My blood will stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride,
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,—
“ I’ll go, my Chief,—I’m ready;
It is not for your silver pound,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry,
So, though the waves are raging white
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The angry winds were shrieking,
And in the scowl of Heav’n, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,—
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather ;
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father ! ”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:—
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“Come back! come back!” he cried in grief,
“Across this raging water,
And I'll forgive your Highland Chief,
My daughter! O my daughter!”

'Twas vain! the loud wave lash'd the shore,
Return or help preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

THE LOST SHILLING.

Oh ! sad and slow his footsteps fell,
As home the boy was going,
And sorrow bade his bosom swell,
And fast his tears were flowing.

While sadly follow'd at his heel,
As conscious of disaster,
A rough-hair'd cur, and seem'd to feel
The anguish of his master.

" Now, bonny boy, what makes thee cry ?"
" Oh ! bitter fears torment me :
In yonder town, her food to buy,
This morn my mother sent me.

" And now to see her face I dread,—
From anger naught can save me ;
For, oh ! I lost, as on I sped,
The shilling which she gave me."

" That sure can ne'er a fault be styled,
From mere mischance proceeding !
Yet will your mother beat you, child,
In spite of tears and pleading ?"

“ Oh no, Sir, no! if blows be all,
To bear them I'd be willing,
Though hard those blows, as arm could fall ;
But 'twas her *only* shilling.

“ And hard will be her fare to-day,
And hard her fast to-morrow ;
And when she hungers, sure she'll say,
'Twas I who caused her sorrow ! ”

“ Now hush your sighs, and dry your tears,—
Your loss no more shall grieve you ;
Look, bonny boy ! from cares and fears
This shilling shall relieve you.”

A doubting hope illumed his eyes,
The sight his tears suspended ;
While to receive the silver prize
His hand the boy extended.

'Twas his—he fled with eager pace,
No thanks to me addressing ;
But, oh ! the smile which deck'd his face
Was better than a blessing !

M. G. LEWIS.

THE WILD HUNSMEN.

THE Wildgrave winds his bugle horn ;
To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo!
His fiery courser snuffs the morn,
And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack, from couples freed,
Dash through the bush, the briar, the brake ;
While answering hound, and horn, and steed,
The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day
Had painted yonder spire with gold,
And, calling sinful man to pray,
Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still the Wildgrave onward rides ;
Halloo, hallo, and hark again !
When, spurring from opposing sides,
Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
The right-hand steed was silver white,
The left, the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
His smile was like the morn of May ;
The left, from eye of tawny glare,
Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntaman's cap on high,
Cry'd, " Welcome, welcome, noble Lord !
What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match the princely chase, afford ? "

" Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"
Cry'd the fair youth, with silver voice ;
" And for devotion's choral swell,
Exchange the rude unhallow'd noise.

" To-day th' ill-omen'd chase forbear ;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane :
To-day the warning Spirit hear,
To-morrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

—" Away, and sweep the glades along !"
The sable hunter hoarse replies ;
" To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and books, and mysteries."—

The Wildgrave spurr'd his ardent steed,
And launching forward with a bound,
" Who for thy drowsy priestlike rede
Would leave the jovial horn and hound ?

"Hence, if our manly sport offend :
 With pious fools go chant and pray ;
 Well hast thou spoke, my dark-brow'd friend,—
 Halloo ! halloo ! and hark away !"

The Wildgrave spurr'd his courser light,
 O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,
 And on the left, and on the right,
 Each stranger horseman follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
 A stag more white than mountain snow ;
 And louder rung the Wildgrave's horn,—
 "Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,
 He gasps the thundering hoofs below ;
 But, live who can, or die who may,
 Still forward, forward ! on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
 A field with autumn's blessings crown'd ;
 See, prostrate at the Wildgrave's feet,
 A husbandman with toil enbrown'd.

"O mercy ! mercy ! noble Lord ;
 Spare the poor's pittance," was his cry,
 "Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
 In scorching hour of fierce July."

Earneſt the right-hand ſtranger pleads,
The left, ſtill cheering to the prey :
The impetuous Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

“ Away, thou hound, ſo baſely born,
Or dread the ſcourge’s echoing blow ! ”
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
“ Hark forward, forward, holla, ho ! ”

So ſaid, ſo done—a ſingle bound
Clears the poor labourer’s humble pale .
Wild follows man, and horſe, and hound,
Like dark December’s ſtormy gale.

And man, and horſe, and hound, and horn,
Destructive ſweep the field along,
While joying o’er the waſted corn
Fell Famine marks the madd’ning throng.

Again up roused, the timorous prey
Scours moor and moor, andholt and hill ;
Hard run, he feels his ſtrength decay,
And truſts for life his ſimple ſkill.

Too dangerous ſolitude appear’d ;
He ſeeks the ſhelter of the crowd ;
Amid the flock’s domeſtic herd
His harmleſs head he hopes to ſhroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace ;
O'er moss and moor, unwearied still,
The furious Earl pursues the chase.

Full lowly did the herdsman fall ;
“ O spare, thou noble Baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all ;
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care.”

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left, still cheering to the prey ;
The Earl nor prayer nor pity heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

“ Unmanner'd dog ! To stop my sport,
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine ?”

Again he winds his bugle horn,
“ Hark forward, forward, holla, ho !”—
And through the herd, in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall ;
Down sinks their mangled herdsman near ;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts new-nerv'd by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks amid, the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hallow'd bower.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go ;
The sacred chapel rung around
With "Hark away, and holla, ho !"

All mild amid the route profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his prayer :—
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain ;
Revere his altar and forbear :

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty, or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head ;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
The black, wild whooping, points the prey ;
Alas ! the Earl no warning heeds,
But frantic keeps the forward way.

"Holy or not, or right or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn ;
Not sainted martyrs' sacred song,
Not God himself, shall make me turn."

LEGENDARY POEMS.

He spurs his horse, he winds his horn,—
 “ Hark forward, forward, holla, ho ! ”
But off, on whirlwind's pinions borne,
 The stag, the hut, the hermit, go.

And horse and man, and horn and hound,
 And clamour of the chase was gone :
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
 A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gazed the affrighted Earl around ;
 He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call ; for not a sound
 Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds ;
 No distant baying reach'd his ears ;
His courser, rooted to the ground,
 The quickening spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker frown the shades,
 Dark as the darkness of the grave ;
And not a sound the still invades,
 Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
 At length the solemn silence broke ;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
 The awful voice of thunder spoke.

“ Oppressor of creation fair !
Apostate spirit’s harden’d tool !
Scorner of God ! scourge of the poor !
The measure of thy cup is full.

“ Be chased for ever through the wood,
For ever roam the affrighted wild ;
And let thy fate instruct the proud,
God’s meanest creature is his child.”

’Twas hush’d : one flash of sombre glare
With yellow tinged the forests brown ;
Up rose the Wildgrave’s bristling hair,
And horror chill’d each nerve and bone.

Cold pour’d the sweat in freezing rill ;
A rising wind began to sing ;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

Earth heard the call—her entrails rend ;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix’d with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell :
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

The Wildgrave flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe ;
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And " Hark away, and holla, ho ! "

With wild despair's reverted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng ;
With bloody fangs, and eager cry,
In frantic fear he scours along.

Still, still shall last the dreadful chase,
Till time itself shall have an end ;
By day, they scour earth's cavern'd space,
At midnight's witching hour, ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears :
Appall'd, he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When, at his midnight mass, he hears
The infernal cry of " Holla, ho ! "

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

DEATH AND THE BISHOP.

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright,
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again,
He rang at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream :
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,
O glad was he when he saw the day-light.

Now forth he goes in proud array,
For he with the Emperor dines to-day ;
There was not a baron in Germany,
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see the pride ;
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody bless'd him as he went.

He went so stately and so proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud—
“ Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you travel to me.”

Behind, and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied;
And the Bishop he grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines, and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had bless'd the meat,
When a voice was heard, as he sat in his seat;—
“ With the Emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, Bishop Bruno, you sup with me.”—

The Bishop then grew pale with affright,
And instantly lost his appetite;
And all the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recover'd he,
For the wine went flowing merrily ;
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare,
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there ;
But when the maskers enter'd the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the maskers' crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud :—
“ You have pass'd the day, Bishop Bruno, with glee,
But you must pass the night with me ! ”—

His cheek grows pale, and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure rises his hair :
With that there came one from the maskers' band,
And he took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death ;
On saints in vain he attempted to call—
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

THE CLOUD-KING.

“WHY, how now, Sir Pilgrim? why shake you with dread?
Why brave you the winds of night, cutting and cold?
Full warm was your chamber, full soft was your bed,
And scarce by the castle-bell twelve has been toll’d.”

“ Oh! hear you not, Warder, with anxious dismay,
How rages the tempest, how patters the rain?
While loud howls the whirlwind, and threatens, ere day,
To strew these old turrets in heaps on the plain!”

“ Now calm thee, Sir Pilgrim! thy fears to remove,
Know, yearly, this morning is destin’d to bring
Such storms, which declare that resentment and love
Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-King.

“ One morning, as borne on the wings of the blast,
The fiend over Denmark directed his flight,
A glance upon Rosenhall’s turrets he cast,
And gazed on its lady with wanton delight.

“ Yet proud was her eye, and her cheek flush’d with rage,
Her lips with disdain and reproaches were fraught!
And lo! at her feet knelt a lovely young page,
And thus in soft accents compassion besought.

“ ‘ Oh drive not, dear beauty, a wretch to despair,
Whose fault is so venial, a fault if it be ;
For who could have eyes, and not see thou art fair ;
Or who have an heart, and not give it to thee ?

“ ‘ I own I adore you ! I own you have been [my day ;
Long the dream of my night, long the thought of
But no hope had my heart that its idolized queen
Would ever with passion *my* passion repay.

“ ‘ When insects delight in the blaze of the sun,
They harbour no wish in his glory to share :
When kneels on the cross of her Saviour, the nun,
He scorns not the praises she breathes in her prayer.

“ ‘ When the pilgrim repairs to St. Hermegild’s shrine,
And claims of her relics a kiss as his fee,
His passion is humble, is pure, is divine,
And such is the passion I cherish for thee !’—

“ ‘ Rash youth ! how presum’st thou with insolent love,’
Thus answered the lady, ‘ her ears to profane,
Whom the monarchs of Norway and Jutland, to move
Their passion to pity attempted in vain ?

“ ‘ Fly, fly from my sight, to some far distant land !
That wretch must not breathe, where Romilda resides,
Whose lips, while she slept, stole a kiss from that hand,
No mortal is worthy to press as a bride’s.

“ ‘Nor e’er will I wed till some prince of the air,
His heart at the throne of my beauty shall lay,
And the two first commands which I give him, shall swear,
(Though hard should the task be enjoin’d) to obey.’

“She said.—Straight the castle of Rosenhall rocks
With an earthquake, and thunders announce the
Cloud-King:
A crown of red lightnings confined his fair locks,
And high o’er each arm waved an huge sable wing.

“ His sandals were meteors ; his blue eye reveal’d
The firmament’s lustre, and light scatter’d round !
While his robe, a bright tissue, of rain-drops congeal’d,
Reflected the lightnings his temples that bound.

“ ‘Romilda !’ he thundered, ‘ thy charms and thy pride
Have drawn down a spirit ; thy fears now dismiss,
For no mortal shall call thee, proud beauty, his bride ;
The Cloud-Monarch comes to demand thee for his.

“ ‘My eyes furnish lightnings, my wings cloud the air,
My hand guides the thunder, my breath wakes the
storm ;
And the two first commands which you give me, I swear
(Though hard should the task be enjoin’d) to perform.’

“He said, and he seized her ; then urging his flight,
Swift bore her away, while she struggled in vain !
Yet long in her ears rang the shrieks of affright,
Which poured for her danger the page Amorayn.

“ At the Palace of Clouds soon Romilda arrived,
When the Fiend, with a smile which her terrors
increased,

Exclaim'd—‘ I must warn my three brothers I’m wived,
And bid them prepare for my wedding the feast.’—

“ Than lightning then swifter thrice round did he turn,
Thrice bitterly cursed he the Parent of good,
And next in a chafing-dish hasten’d to burn
Three locks of his hair, and three drops of his blood :

“ And quickly Romilda, with anxious affright,
Hears the tramp of a steed, and beheld at the gate
A youth in white arms—’twas the false Water-Sprite,
And behind him his mother, the sorceress, sate.

“ The youth he was comely, and fair to behold,
The hag was the foulest eye ever survey’d ;
Each placed on the table a goblet of gold,
While thus to Romilda the Water-King said ;—

“ ‘ Hail, Queen of the Clouds ! lo ! we bring thee for drink
The blood of a damsel both lovely and rich,
Whom I tempted, and left ’midst the billows to sink,
Where she died by the hands of my mother the witch.

“ ‘ But seest thou yon chariot, which speeds from afar ?
The Erl-King with his daughter it brings, while a throng
Of wood-fiends and succubi sports round the car,
And goads on the night-mares that whirl it along.’

" The maid, while her eyes tears of agony pour'd,
Beheld the Erl-King and his daughter draw near :
A Charger of silver each placed on the board,
While the fiend of the forests thus greeted her ear.

" ' With the heart of a warrior, Cloud-Queen, for thy food,
The head of a child on thy table we place :
She spell-struck the knight as he stray'd through the wood;
I strangled the child in his father's embrace.'

" The roof now divided.—By fogs half conceal'd,
Suck'd from marshes, infecting the air as he came,
And blasting the verdure of forest and field,
On a dragon descended the Giant of Flame.

" Fire seem'd from his eyes and his nostrils to pour ;
His breath was a volume of sulphurous smoke ;
He brandish'd a sabre still dropping with gore,
And his voice shook the palace when silence he broke.

" ' Feast, Queen of the Clouds ! the repast do not scorn ;
Feast, Queen of the Clouds ! I perceive thou hast food !
To-morrow I feast in my turn, for at morn
Shall I feed on thy flesh, shall I drink of thy blood !

" ' Lo ! I bring for a present this magical brand,
The bowels of Christians have dyed it with red ;
This once flamed in Albert the renegade's hand,
And is destined to-morrow to strike off thy head.'

“ Then paler than marble Romilda she grew,
While tears of regret blamed her folly and pride.—
‘ Oh! tell me, Cloud-King, if the giant said true,
And wilt thou not save from his sabre thy bride?’

“ ‘ ’Tis in vain, my fair lady, those hands that you wring,
The bond is completed, the dye it is cast;
For she who at night weds an element-king,
Next morning must serve for his brother’s repast.’

“ ‘ Yet save me, Cloud-King! by that love you profess’d
Bear me back to the place whence you tore me away.’
‘ Fair lady! yon fiends, should I grant your request,
Instead of to-morrow, would eat you to-day.’

“ ‘ Yet mark me, Cloud-King! spread in vain is your
snare,
For my bond must be void, and escap’d is your prey,
The two first commands which I give you, howe’er
The task should be wondrous, unless you obey.’—

“ ‘ Well say’st thou, Romilda; thy will, then, impart,
But hope not to vanquish the King of the Storm,
Or baffle his skill by invention or art:
Thou canst not command what *I* cannot perform?’

“ Then clasping her hands, to the Virgin she pray’d,
While in curses the wicked ones vented their rage.
‘ Now show me the truest of lovers;’—she said,
And lo! by her side stood the lovely young Page.

“ His mind was all wonder, her heart all alarms ;
She sank on his breast, as he sank at her knee.
‘ The truest of lovers I fold in my arms,
Than the *truest*, now show me a *truer* !’—said she.

“ Then loud yell’d the dæmons ! the cloud-fashion’d halls
Dissolved ! thunder bellow’d and heavy rains beat ;
Again stood the Fair ’midst her own castle walls,
And still knelt the lovely young page at her feet.

“ And soon for her own, and for Rosenhall’s lord,
Did Romilda the *truest of lovers* declare,
Nor e’er on his bosom one sigh could afford,
That for him she had quitted the Monarch of Air.

“ Full long yonder chapel has sheltered their urns,
Long ceased has the tear on their ashes to fall ;
Yet still when October the twentieth returns,
Roars the fiend round these turrets, and shakes
Rosenhall.

“ Oh ! Pilgrim, thy fears let these annals remove,
For day to the skies will tranquillity bring ;
This storm but declares that resentment and love
Still gnaw the proud heart of the cruel Cloud-King.”

M. G. LEWIS.

LUCY GRAY.

Ort I had heard of Lucy Gray,
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day,
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew,
She dwelt on a wild moor ;
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door.

You yet may see the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

" To-night will be a stormy night,
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

" That, Father ! will I gladly do,
'Tis scarcely afternoon,
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band,
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain-roe ;
With many a playful stroke,
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time,
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide,
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor,
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turned, and cried
" In heaven we all shall meet !"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Then downward from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall.

And then an open field they crossed,
The marks were still the same ;
They tracked them on, and never lost
Till to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
The foot-marks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank,
And further—there were none.

Yet some maintain, that to this day,
She is a living child,
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind ;
And sings a solitary song,
That whistles in the wind.

9

WORDSWORTH.

CASABIANCA.

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud :—" Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
" If I may yet be gone !
And,"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
 And in his waving hair,
 And look'd from that lone post of death,
 In still yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
 "My father! must I stay?"
 While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
 The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapp'd the ship in splendour wild,
 They caught the flag on high,
 And stream'd above the gallant child,
 Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound,—
 The boy,—oh where was he?
 Ask of the winds, that far around
 With fragments strew'd the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
 That well had borne their part,—
 But the noblest thing which perish'd there,
 Was that young and faithful heart! •

MRS. HEMANS.

LYRICAL POEMS.

LYRICAL POEMS.

“ But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose songs, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood and informed my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe ;
For well I know wherever ye reside
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.”

BRATTIE'S MINSTREL.

A TEAR.

Oh ! that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye ;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
In thee the rays of virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age;
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

ROGERS.

CORONACH, OR FUNERAL SONG.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.

The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us come no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow !
The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory ;
The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When lightning was nearest.
Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber !
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever !

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE TRUMPET.

THE trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon pyre !
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire.

A hundred banners on the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast—
And, hark?—was that the sound of seas?
—A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth.
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage-altar crown'd,
The lover quits his bride.
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

MRS. HEMANS.

CHANT OF NUNS AT THE SIEGE OF
VALENCIA.

A sword is on the land !
He that bears down young tree and glorious flower,
Death is gone forth,—he walks the wind in power !
Where is the warrior's hand ?
Our steps are in the shadow of the grave ;
Hear us, we perish ! Father, hear, and save !

If, in the days of song,
The days of gladness, we have call'd on thee,
When mirthful voices rang from sea to sea,
And joyous hearts were strong ;
Now, that alike the feeble and the brave
Must cry, " We perish !"—Father, hear, and save !

The days of song are fled !
The winds come loaded, wafting dirge-notes by,
But they that linger soon unmourn'd must die ;
The dead weep not the dead !
—Wilt thou forsake us 'midst the stormy wave ?
We sink, we perish !—Father, hear, and save !

Helmet and lance are dust !
Is not the strong man wither'd from our eye ?
The arm struck down that held our banners high ?
Thine is our spirits' trust !
Look through the gathering shadows of the grave !
Do we not perish ?—Father, hear, and save !

MRS. HEMANS.

“TELLE EST LA VIE.”

(SUCH IS LIFE.)

SEEST thou yon bark? It left our bay
This morn on its adventurous way
 All glad and gaily bright :
And many a gale its impulse gave,
And many a gently-heaving wave
 Nigh bore it out of sight.
But soon that glorious course was lost,
 And treacherous was the deep ;
Ne'er thought they there was peril most,
 When tempest seemed asleep.
 Telle est la vie !

That flower, that fairest flower that grew,
Aye cherish'd by the evening dew,
 And cheered by opening day ;
That flower which I had spared to cull,
Because it was so beautiful,
 And shone so fresh and gay ;
Had all unseen a deathly shoot,
 The germ of future sorrow ;
And there was canker at its root,
 That nipp'd it ere the morrow.
 Telle est la vie !

I've watch'd from yonder mountain's height
 The waxing and the waning light,
 The world far, far below ;
 I've heard the thunder long and loud ;
 I've seen the sunshine and the cloud,
 The tempest and the bow :
 Now, 'twas all sunshine glad and bright,
 And now the storm was raging ;
 Methought I read in that frail light
 And storm a warfare raging.
 Telle est la vie !

MARY HOWITT.

THE EVIL HOUR.

THE gliding fish that takes his play
 In shady nook of streamlet cool,
 Thinks not how waters pass away,
 And summer dries the pool.

The bird beneath his leafy dome
 Who trills his carol, loud and clear,
 Thinks not how soon his verdant home
 The lightning's breath may sear.

Shall I within my bridegroom's bower
 With braids of budding roses twin'd,
 Look forward to a coming hour
 When he may prove unkind ?

The bee reigns in his waxen cell,
The chieftain in his stately hold,
To-morrow's earthquake,—who can tell?
May both in ruin fold!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

TO INNOCENCE.

DAUGHTER fair! of cloudless skies,
With thy meek and dove-like eyes,
From whose pure and searching ray,
Things unholy shrink away;
Goddess! of the bow'r and glen,
Flying, from the "haunts of men,"
To the pine-tree shaded dell,
Where the fairies love to dwell;
Or the woodbine scented grove,
Where the fawns and satyrs rove,
How shall Poet wake for Thee
Strains of fitting minstrelsy?

Nymph! that dost delight to brood
In some woodland solitude,
With thy meek companion laid,
By thee, in the leafy shade;

All his fleecy vestments on,
Fair, and spotless as thy own
Watching the pale Lily blow,
As she opes the bells of snow,
Where the torrent's headlong tide
Rushes down the mountain's side ;
While within its foamy wave,
Oft thy sportive fingers lave !

Thou that from the cloudless skies,
Com'st to Earth in mortal guise,
With thy brow as marble fair,
Shaded by thy sunny hair ;
Thou, that lov'st the plaintive song
Of eve's bird, the woods among,
When she chants her vesper hymn,
As the twilight shadows dim,
Rising from the dewy ground,
Cast their silvery veil around !
Why should poets picture thee
But,—— a *rural* Deity ?

Though, upon the village-green,
Oft thy sylph-like form is seen,
Mingling with the rustic throng,
Leader of the dance and song ;
Do thy footsteps never rove,
From the meadow, and the grove ?
Dost thou only deign to dwell
In the Hermit's moss-grown cell ?

Art thou but in deserts found,
Where hush'd Silence reigns around,
Like the flower that shuns the day,
Shrinking from the crowd away !

No ! the bard would do thee wrong,
Who confirm'd such fabled song ;
Since thy form of living grace,
Sure, hath many a resting place
Far remov'd, from sylvan glen,
'Mid the " busy hum of men ;"
Yes !—in childhood's laughing eye,
Thy pure temple we decry ;
There, (at least till growing years
Dim with guilt, or passion's tears,)
Thou dost fix thy chosen shrine,
Like the diamond in the mine !

Say, in WOMAN's guileless breast
Art thou not a cherish'd guest ?
Feel we not, thy presence nigh,
In her tear—and in her sigh,
Rather than in words of blame,
O'er an " erring Sister's shame !"
Thou art in the crimson streak,
Lighting up her kindling cheek,
(As the western sun-beam's glow
Tints awhile the mountain's snow,)
When unhallow'd lips impart
Anguish, to her trusting heart !

Though amid the nymphs and swains,
 On the flower-enamel'd plains,
 Thou dost reign acknowledg'd queen,
 Yet thy steps are often seen,
 'Spite of all that cynics say,
 Wand'ring in the crowded way
 Of the city's stately towers,
 Pure as in retirement's bowers !
 Yes ! the bard would do thee wrong,
 Who confirm'd such fabled song,
 That thy presence ne'er is found
 In the busy circle's round !

MRS. CORNWELL-BARON WILSON.

BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast ?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile,
 To blush, and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good night ?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite !

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave,
And after they have shown their pride
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

HERRICK.

HONOUR AND LOVE.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the memory
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase;—
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dearest, much
Lov'd I not honour more.

LOVELACE.

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire ;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

MILTON.

ODE TO THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old,
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd ;
This magic shell
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.

It bears
Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs,
The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music roll'd!
Oh! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats;
And, if the power
Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear!
And thou shalt own,
That, through the circle of creation's zone,
Where matter darkles or where spirit beams;
From the pellucid tides, that whirl
The planets through their maze of song,
To the small rill, that weeps along
Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
From the rich sigh
Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,
To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
On Afric's burning fields;
Oh! thou shalt own this universe divine
Is mine!
That I respire in all and all in me,
One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony!
Welcome, welcome, mystic shell!
Many a star has ceas'd to burn,
Many a tear has Saturn's urn

O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
 Since thy aerial spell
 Hath in the waters slept!
 I fly,
 With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
 Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
 The syren, with a foot of fire,
 Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,
 Or guides around the burning pole
 The winged chariot of some blissful soul!
 While thou,
 Oh son of earth! what dreams shall rise for thee!
 Beneath Hispania's sun,
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
 Which I have warm'd with dews of melody;
 Listen!—when the night wind dies
 Down the still current, like a harp it sighs!
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows!
 There, by that wondrous stream,
 Go, lay thy languid brow!
 And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
 Such—mortal! mortal! hast thou heard of him,
 Who many a night, with his primordial lyre,
 Sate on the chill Pangænan mount,
 And looking to the orient dim,
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire!
 Oh! think what visions, in that lonely hour,

Stole o'er his numbing breast!

What pious ecstasy,

Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,

Whose seal upon this world imprest

The various forms of bright divinity!

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,

'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,

Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?

When, free

From every earthly chain,

From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,

His spirit flew through fields above,

Drank at the source of nature's fountal number,

And saw, in mystic choir, around him move

The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear

By the great diadem that twines my hair,

And by the seven gems that sparkle there,

Mingling their beams

In a soft iris of harmonious light,

Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams!

MOORE.

A LESSON.

Love launch'd a gallant little craft,
Complete with every rope ;
In golden words was painted aft—
“ The Cupid, Captain Hope.”
Pleasure was rated second-mate,
And Passion made to steer ;
The guns were handed o'er to Fate,
To Impulse sailing-gear.

Merrily roved the thoughtless crew
Amidst the billows' strife ;
But soon a sail bore down,—all knew
’Twas Captain Reason's “ Life.”
And Pleasure left, though Passion said
He'd guard her safe from all harms.
’Twas vain ; for Fate ramm'd home the lead,
While Love prepared the small arms.

A storm arose ! The canvass now
Escaped from Impulse' hand,
While headstrong Passion dash'd the prow
Swift on a rocky strand.
“ All's lost ! ” each trembling sailor cried ;
“ Bid Captain Hope adieu ! ”
But in his life-boat Reason hied
To save the silly crew.

Come, ye rains, then, if ye will,
May's at home, and with me still :
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together.

LEIGH HUNT.

ODE TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

TRANSLATED BY COWLEY.

HAPPY insect, what can be
In happiness, compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine,
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill :
'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink and dance and sing
Happier than the happiest King.
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee.
All the summer hours produce
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plow
Farmer he, and landlord thou.
Thou dost innocently joy ;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.

The shepherd gladly heareth thee
 More harmonious than he.
 Thee, Country hinds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year,
 Phœbus is himself thy sire,
 Thee, Phœbus loves, and doth inspire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth
 Life is no longer than thy mirth!

Happy insect! Happy thou
 Dost neither age nor winter know;
 But when thou'st danced and drunk and sung
 Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
 (Voluptuous and wise withal
 Epicurean animal)
 Sated with thy summer feast
 Thou retir'st to endless rest!

ANACREON.

THE SKYLARK.

ETHERIAL Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will;
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still;

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
(’Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain;
Yet might’st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with rapture more divine;
Type of the wise who soar—but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WORDSWORTH.

THE HERO OF KILLYKRANKIE.

To the Lords of Convention, ’twas Clavers who spoke,
Ere the king’s crown go down, there are crowns to be
broke;
So each cavalier, who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men;
Come, open the West-port, and let me gae free,
And its room for the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted—he rides up the street,
 The bells are rung backwards, the drums they are beat,
 But the provost, douse man, said, “ Just e’en let him be,
 The town is weel quit of that de’il of Dundee.”

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow,
 Each carline was flyting and shaking her pow; *
 But some young plants of grace—they look’d couthie †
 and slee, ‡
 Thinking—Luck to thy bonnet, thou bonnie Dundee.

With sour-featured saints the Grass-market was pang’d,
 As if half the west had set tryste to be hang’d;
 There was spite in each face, there was fear in each e’e,
 As they watch’d for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

These cowl of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
 And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers; [free,
 But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway left
 At a toss of the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

He spurr’d to the foot of the high castle rock,
 And to the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke—
 “ Let Mons Meg and her marrows three vollies let flee,
 For love of the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.”

The Gordon has ask’d of him whither he goes—
 “ Wheresoever shall guide me the spirit of Montrose;
 Your Grace in short space shall have tidings of me,
 Or that low lies the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

* Head.

† Kind, good-humoured.

‡ Sly.

“ There are hills beyond Pentland, and streams beyond
Forth,
If there's lords in the Southland, there's chiefs in the
North ;
There are wild dunnie-wassels, three thousand times
three,
Will cry Hoigh ! for the bonnet of bonnie Dundee.

“ Away to the hills, to the woods, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper, I'll couch with the fox ;
And tremble, false Whigs, though triumphant ye be,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.”

He waved his proud arm, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston-craigs and on Clermiston lee
Died away the wild war-note of bonnie Dundee.

Come, fill up my cup, come, fill up my can,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my men ;
Fling all your gates open, and let me gae free,
For 'tis up with the bonnets of bonnie Dundee.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ON READING IZAAK WALTON'S
"COMPLETE ANGLER."

ALBEIT, gentle Angler, I
 Delight not in thy trade,
 Yet in thy pages there doth lie
 So much of quaint simplicity,
 So much of mind,
 Of such good kind,
 That none need be afraid,
 Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
 To be ensnared on thy hook.

Gladly from thee, I'm lured to bear
 With things that seemed most vile before,
 For thou didst on poor subjects rear
 Matter the wisest sage might hear.
 And with a grace,
 That doth efface
 More laboured works, thy simple lore
 Can teach us that thy skilful *lines*,
 More than the scaly brood *confines*.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
 Rise quickly at thy master hand,
 And ready to be caught by thee
 Are lured to virtue willingly.

Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And join in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream ;
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes fairer forth,
With more of worth ;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray.

ANON.

A MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet now he is gone,
I feel I am alone ;
I check'd him while he spoke, yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him ; I now would give
 My love could he but live,
 Who lately lived for me ; and when he found
 'Twas vain, in holy ground
 He hid his face amid the shades of death !
 I waste for him my breath
 Who wasted his for me ; but mine returns
 And this lorn bosom burns
 With stifling heat, heaving it upon sleep,
 And waking me to weep
 Tears that had melted his soft heart ; for years
 Wept he as bitter tears !
 " Merciful God ! " (such was his latest prayer)
 " These may she never share ! "
 Quieter is his breath—his breast more cold
 Than daisies in the mould,
 Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
 His name, and life's brief date.
 Pray for him, gentle soula, whose'er you be,
 And Oh ! pray too for me.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE TOKEN.

TAKE backe thy gyfte—'tis deare no more
 Sith false have proved the words I trusted ;
 Dimme are its gemmes soe bright before,
 Each lynke by Treach'rie's breathe is rusted ;

Firme are those links of purest golde,
 (Too firme to be a trifier's tokenne)
Stille with unshakenne strength they holde—
 They're not like thy false vowe—brokenne ;

Thou shouldst have given a rosie chaine
 Of buddes that fade as evening closes ;
And even then, too well I weane,
 Thy heart had changed before thy roses.

Thenne as each perfumed leafe's and flowre
 Of its frail lynkes had dropped awaye,
I might have counted, houre by houre,
 The progresse of thy Love's decaye.

ANON.

WATERLOO.

A BROKEN sword—a yellow bone,
Are here beside each other thrown,
To tell of battle lost and won,
 At Waterloo !

A banner dyed with earthly stains,
An eagle, which on Leipsic's plains
Flew first, now swell the peasant's gains
 At Waterloo !

The harvest ripens in the field
Which bleeding honour would not yield,
Tho' Slaughter 'neath her plunder reel'd,
At Waterloo!

The timid hare will nightly steal
To feed where once the thunder's peal
Had been unheard 'mid clang of steel,
At Waterloo!

The lark sings blithely, tho' his bed
Was 'mid the grass, whose roots are fed
By blood some noble heart hath shed,
At Waterloo!

The sightless mole now rears her young,
A hero's fleshless bones among,
Which coldly in their grave were flung,
At Waterloo!

The gentle field-mouse now doth dwell
Within the hollow of a shell,
Which Mercy silenced as it fell,
At Waterloo!

And is this all the warrior's meed?
Gives he his heart's best blood to feed
A little monumental weed,
At Waterloo?

No ! 'neath yonder lofty mound,
By a colossal lion crown'd,
Three thousand men a grave have found,
At Waterloo !

Then shout the victory of war !
Let the loud cry resound afar,
To tell how blest the victors are
At Waterloo !

O Pity ! if thy angel flight
Should ere be o'er that field of fight,
Let one pure tear of thine alight
At Waterloo !

MARK LEMON.

FATHER-LAND.

DEAR scenes of youth's gay hour,
I tread upon thy hallowed ground—
Touched by thy magic power—
With step as light as childhood's bound !
Tho' I have run a wild career
On many a favoured, foreign strand,
Still mem'ry fondly linger'd here,
My own—my Father-land !

I've joined in Folly's train,
 And paced beneath pomp's lordly dome ;
 But pleasure's lures were vain,
 While harbouring one thought of home !
 No more shall Glory dazzle me,
 Or War's victorious band
 Again allure my steps from thee,
 My own—my Father-land !

ANON.

THE FORLORN.

TRANSLATED BY COLERIDGE.

THE cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar,
 The damsel paces along the shore ;
 The billows they tumble with might, with might ;
 And she flings out her voice to the darksome night ;
 Her bosom is swelling with sorrow ;
 The world it is empty, the heart will die,
 There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky ;
 Thou Holy One, call thy child away !
 I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
 Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

SCHILLER.

DESPONDENCY.

OPPRESS'd with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I set me down and sigh :
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
Too justly I may fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
Who equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard ;
Even when the wished end's denied,
Yet while the busy means are plied,
They bring their own reward ;
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an AIM,
Meet every sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same.
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild, with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
 Beside his crystal well!
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream :
 While praising and raising
 His thoughts to heaven on high,
 As wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd,
 Where never human footstep trac'd,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
 With self-respecting art ;
 But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The Solitary can despise,
 Can want and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here, must cry here,
 At perfidy ingrate.

Oh ! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt, unknown !
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others or my own.
Ye tiny elves, that guiltless sport
 Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish.
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engage ;
The fears all, the tears all,
 Of dim-declining AGE.

BURNS.

ODE TO CONSUMPTION.

OH ! thou most fatal of Pandora's train,
 Consumption ! silent cheater of the eye !—
Thou com'st not rob'd in agonizing pain,
 Nor mark'st thy course with Death's delusive dye :
 But silent and unnotic'd thou dost lie,
O'er life's soft springs thy venom dost diffuse ;
 And, while thou giv'st new lustre to the eye,—
While o'er the cheek are spread health's ruddy hues,
 Even then life's little rest thy cruel pow'r subdues.

Oft I've beheld thee in the glow of youth,
 Hid 'neath the blushing roses which there bloom'd,
 And dropp'd a tear; for then thy cank'ring tooth
 I knew would never stay, till all consum'd
 In the cold vault of death he were entomb'd.
 But, oh! what sorrow did I feel, as swift,
 Insidious ravager, I saw thee fly
 Through fair Lucina's breast of whitest snow,
 Preparing swift her passage to the sky!

Though still intelligence beam'd in the glance,
 The liquid lustre, of her fine blue eye,
 Yet soon did languid listlessness advance,
 And soon she calmly sunk in death's repugnant trance!

Even when her end was swiftly drawing near,
 And dissolution hover'd o'er her head,
 Even then *so beauteous* did her form appear,
 That none who saw her but, admiring, said,
 "Sure, so much beauty never could be dead."

KIRKE WHITE.

THE SPECTRE.

WHEN night outspreads her sombre shade,
 And dull-wing'd bats round yew-trees flit,
 When moaning winds sigh through the glade,
 And moaping owls on tombstones sit—

There stalks from yonder hillock's height,
A shroud-clad form of sickly hue,
With eyes that glare a ghastly light,
And hair dishevelled, dank with dew!

It moves: and bats a refuge seek
Beneath the grave's new risen mound,
The raven opes her ebony beak
To croak a hoarse and dismal sound!
The screech-owl screams a shrill lament,
And watch-dogs in their kennels cower,
With thunder's roll the air is rent,
In that confused and dreaded hour!

ANON.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its faint perfume,
And the gloss hath dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale, but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrank from the tone of her last sad sigh—
And this is *man's* fidelity.

'Tis *woman* alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart,
And love the more, and soothe, and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

BARRY CORNWELL.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

TELL me, on what holy ground,
May Domestic Peace be found !
Halcyon daughter of the skies,
Far on fearful wings she flies,
From the pomp of sceptered state,
From the rebel's noisy hate ;
In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
List'ning to the Sabbath bells !
Still around her steps are seen
Spotless honour's meeker mien,
Love, the sire of pleasing fears,
Sorrow smiling through her tears,
And conscious of the past, employ
Memory, bosom spring of joy !

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE TEAR.

WHEN friendship or love
Our sympathies move ;
When truth, in a glance, should appear,
The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mark detestation or fear ;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a tear.

Mild charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shews the soul from barbarity clear ;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffused in a tear.

The man doom'd to sail,
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer,
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a tear.

The soldier braves death,
 For a fanciful wreath,
 In glory's romantic career;
 But he raises the foe,
 When in battle laid low,
 And bathes every wound with a tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,
 He return to his bride,
 Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
 All his toils are repaid,
 When, embracing the maid,
 From her eye-lid he kisses the tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
 Seat of friendship and truth,
 Where love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;
 Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
 For a last look I turn'd,
 But thy spire was scarce seen through a tear.

Though my vows I can pour,
 To my Mary no more,
 My Mary, to love once so dear;
 In the shade of her bow'r,
 I remember the hour,
 She rewarded those vows with a tear.

By another possess,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere ;
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near ;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a tear.

When my soul wings her flight,
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier :
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh ! moisten their dust with a tear.

May no marble bestow,
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear ;
No fiction of fame
Shall blazon my name,
All I ask, all I wish, is a tear.

LORD BYRON.

THE HEATHER FOR ME!

BONNY'S the blushing rose at e'en,
Bonny's the violet blue,
And noble's the oak with his acorns green
And broad leaves tipp'd with dew.
But roses and violets soon may fade,
And felled the oak may be;
I'd gie ye all for ane single blade
Of heather. The heather for me !

'Tis bonny to sit in leafy bower,
When song delights the ear,
To feel the odour of every flower
Blend with music near ;
But gie me a seat on my hunter's back,
And then for melody ;
One blast of the bugle to follow his track
O'er the heather. The heather for me !

ANON.

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
Swift darting from his heavenly height,
Here deign to take his hallow'd stand ;

Here wave his amber locks; unfold
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
 And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
 Tho' now ye circle yon eternal throne
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
 Will not your train descend in radiant state, [fate?
 To break with Mercy's beam this gathering cloud of

"Tis silence all. No Son of Light
 Darts swiftly from his heavenly height:
 No train of radiant Saints descend.
 "Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
 "If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,
 "Or Saint to hear or Angel to defend."
 So *Truth* proclaims. I hear the sacred sound
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne,
 Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd:
 A bright Sun clasps her adamant zone.
 So *Truth* proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
 With many a solemn pause it slowly meets my ear.

"Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
 Does not enough of my refulgent ray
 Break thro' the veil of your mortality?
 Say, does not reason in this form descry

Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
 The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace ?
 Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
 With me ? Shall she, whose brightest eye
 But emulates the diamond's blaze,
 Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
 Whose breath the hyacinths perfume,
 Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
 Shall she be deem'd my rival ? Shall a form
 Of elemental dross, of mouldering clay,
 Vie with these charms empyrial ! The poor worm
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
 Shall pass, and she is gone : while I appear
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' Heav'n's eternal
 year.

“ Know, Mortals know, ere first ye sprung,
 Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
 I shone amid the heavenly throng ;
 These eyes beheld Creation's day,
 This voice began the choral lay,
 And taught Archangels their triumphant song.
 Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
 Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flow'ring earth,
 And ocean heave on his extended bed ;
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last, Man arose, erect in youthful grace.
Heaven's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face ;
And as he rose, the high behest was giv'n,
‘ That I alone of all the host of heav'n,
Should reign Protectress of the godlike youth :’
Thus the Almighty spake : he spake and call'd me *Truth*.”

MASON.

THE POOR MAN'S PLAINT.

BUT now domestic cares employ
And busy every sense,
Nor leave one hour of grief or joy
But's furnish'd out from thence :

Save what my little babes afford,
Whom I behold with glee,
When smiling at my humble board,
Or prattling at my knee.

Nor that my Daphne's charms are flown,
These still new pleasures bring,
’Tis these inspire content alone ;
’Tis all I've left of Spring.

I wish not, dear connubial state,
To break thy silken bands ;
I only blame relentless fate,
That every hour demands.

Nor mourn I much my task austere,
Which endless wants impose ;
But oh ! it wounds my soul to hear
My Daphne's melting woes !

For oft she sighs and oft she weeps,
And hangs her pensive head,
While blood her furrowed finger steeps,
And stains the passing thread.

When orient hills the sun behold,
Our labours are begun ;
And when he streaks the west with gold,
The task is still undone.

WOODHOUSE.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold :
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn has blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

LORD BYRON.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
 Like thy own brawling springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun,
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed :

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum :
 Now teach me, maid compos'd,
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return !

For when thy holding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreath'd her brows with sedge,
And sheds with fresh'ning dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin, 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy ling'ring light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy fav'rite name!

COLLINS.

ODE TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
 Close bosom friend of the maturing sun,
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To blend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel: to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees;
 Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'er brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft beneath thy store?
 Sometime whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,

As on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swarth and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cyder-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows borne aloft,
Or smiling as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full grown lambs beat loud from hilly bourns.
Hedge crickets sing : and now with treble soft,
The red-breast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

THE WISH TO DIE.

My mother, look not on me now
With that sad earnest eye ;
Blame me not, mother—blame not thou
My heart's last wish—to die !
I cannot wrestle with the strife
I once had heart to bear ;
And if I yield a youthful life,
Full hath it been of care.

Nay, weep not !—on my brow is set
The age of grief—not years ;
Its furrows thou may'st wildly wet,
But ne'er wash out with tears.
And couldst thou see my weary heart,
Too weary e'en to sigh,
Oh, mother, mother! thou wouldst start,
And say, “ 'Twere best to die ! ”

I know 'tis summer on the earth—
I hear a pleasant tune,
Of waters in their chiming mirth—
I feel the breath of June ;
The roses through my lattice look,
The bee goes singing by,
The peasant takes his harvest-hook—
Yet, mother, let me die !

There's nothing in this time of flowers
That hath a voice for me—
The whispering leaves, the sunny hours,
The bright, the glad, the free !
There's nothing but thy own deep love,
And that will live on high ;
Then mother! when my heart's above,
Kind mother, let me die !

MISS JEWSBURY.

VIRTUE LIVETH AFTER DEATH.

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on Kings :
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still ;
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

" No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy ;
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And if well finished, nothing shines so much."

SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

THE WANDERER TO HIS SISTER.

My sister ! my sweet sister ! if a name
Dearer and purer were, it should be thine.
Mountains and seas divide us, but I claim
No tears but tenderness to answer mine :
Go where I will, to me thou art the same—
A loved regret which I would not resign.
There yet are two things in my destiny —
A world to roam through, and a home with thee.

The first were nothing—had I still the last,
It were the haven of my happiness ;
But other claims and other ties thou hast,
And mine is not the wish to make them less.
A strange doom is thy father's son's, and past
Recalling ; as it lies beyond redress :
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

If my inheritance of storms hath been
In other elements, and on the rocks
Of perils, unlook'd or unforeseen,
I have sustain'd my share of worldly shocks,
The fault was mine ; nor do I seek to screen
My errors with defensive paradox ;
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

Mine were my faults, and mine be their reward.
My whole life was a contest since the day
That gave me being, gave me that which marr'd
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd astray ;
And I at times have found the struggle hard,
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay :
But now I fain would for a time survive,
If but to see what next can well arrive.

Kingdoms and empires in my little day
I have outlived, and yet I am not old ;
And when I look on this, the pretty spray
Of my own years of trouble, which have roll'd

Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away :
Something—I know not what—does still uphold
A spirit of slight patience ; not in vain,
Even for its own sake, do we purchase pain.

I feel almost at times as I have felt
In happy childhood ; trees and flowers, and brooks,
Which do remember me of where I dwelt
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to books,
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt
My heart with recognition of their looks ;
And even at moments I could think I see
Some living thing to love—but none like thee.

Here are the alpine landscapes which create
A fund for contemplation ;—to admire
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date—
But something worthier do such scenes inspire :
Here to be lonely is not desolate,
For much I view which I could most desire,
And, above all, a lake I can behold
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

I did remind thee of our own dear lake,
By the old hall which may be mine no more,
Leman's is fair ; but think not I forsake
The sweet remembrance of a dearer shore :
Sad havoc time must with my memory make
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes before ;
Though, like all things which I have loved, they are
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

The world is all before me ; I but ask
Of nature that with which she will comply—
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,
To see her gentle face without a mask,
And never gaze on it with apathy.
She was my early friend, and now shall be
My sister—till I look again on thee.

With false ambition what had I to do ?
Little with love, and least of all with fame ;
And yet they came unsought, and with me grew,
And made me all which they can make—a name.
Yet this was not the end I did pursue ;
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.
But all is over—I am one the more
To baffled millions which have gone before.

LOED BYRON.

A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
That when in transport's young emotion,
I've stolen beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

Well!—there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—he can smile serene at death :
Kind heaven ! do thou but chase the weeping
 Of friends who love him ;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
 No more shall move him.

MOORE.

TO A SICK CHILD.

SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,
 My little patient boy,
And balmy rest about thee
 Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down and think
Of all thy winning ways,
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
 That I had less to praise.

Thy side-long pillowed meekness,
 Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
 Of fancied faults afraid ;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things, that may demand
 Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones—
I will not think of now,
And calmly, 'midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow ;
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father too :
My light, where'er I go,
My bird when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no—
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say—" he has departed,"—
" His voice—his face—is gone,"
To feel impatient hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on,—
Oh! I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fixed and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile—

Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of Cherubim—
Who say—We've finished here.

LEIGH HUNT.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

IN silence towards Moriah's land,
That twain together trod ;
The patriarch leading by the hand,
The child he gave to God !

“ My father ! ” spake at length the youth,
“ All things prepared I see ;
But where's the lamb, the type of truth,
Which shall the offering be ? ”

“ My son ! the lamb God will provide, ”
Calmly, the father said ;
So on together still they hied,
And reached the mountain's head !

Behold, the wood in order laid,
The mortal lamb prepared,
Each rite of worship duly paid—
The fatal knife is bar'd ;

(Type of the sacrifice of HIM,
Whose blood, in after years,
Washed from mankind the stains of sin,
And hush'd guilt's boding fears !)

When lo ! a voice from Heaven arrests
The Patriarch's uprais'd hand !
That voice his perfect FAITH attests
At whose divine command,

The cherished treasure of his age,
The child that God had giv'n,
In the full strength of *faith* the sage
Restores, when ask'd, to Heav'n !

Oh ! blest obedience ! that demands
Our imitation still !
Each sacrifice that Heaven commands,
Undoubting to fulfil !

May we, obedient as the youth,
Have ABRAHAM's faith, to say,
" Lord ! when I hear the voice of TRUTH,
I will its call obey !"

FLORENCE WILSON.

VALLE OMBROSA.

THE pathway narrows as the steps ascend,
The boughs o'erarching meet in fond embrace,
The fragile branches of the birch-tree bend,
And with majestic chestnuts interlace ;
Boldly the indented leaves with spiral grace,
Come sharply out from the Italian Blue,
Rising from storied vale, in tones of silver hue.

It is enchantment all !—the very air
Is pregnant with delight, that fans these bowers
And breathes new life ! Here languid frames repair,
Faint and o'ercome by summer's sultry hours,
Which in the plain enervates and devours
The mind's strong energies and sinks them low ;
A weight oppressive 'numbs the healthful powers,
Which prompt to action and keen joys bestow,
The vital springs relax, the spirits lose their glow.

Valle Ombrosa ! to each British mind,
Thy leaf-strewn path with tenfold charms appear ;
For in the sighing of thy spicy wind,
Methinks the strain of Milton's lay I hear,
That sacred harmony from heaven's own sphere,
Which far below leaves all the choral throng ;
And, wrapt in mute attention, I revere
The peerless leader of the world of song,
Fearing my voice of praise should do him "living wrong."

Methinks the beauteous mask was acted here,
Where all its scenic structure may be found ;
Here 'mong the basky shades, fresh water clear,
Starts into magic life from forth the ground ;
While echo, courted thus, returns sweet sound,
Waking lone Silence with her dulcet strain ;
And, as the gushing waterfalls rebound,
They drop again in shadows of diamond rain ;
Sure Comus and his crew to revel here were fain !

LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

A SPANISH BULL FIGHT.

THE lists are oped, the spacious area clear'd,
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round ;
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is heard,
No vacant space for lated wight is found :
Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames abound,
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound ;
None through their cold disdain are doom'd to die,
As moon-struck bards complain, by love's soft archery.

Hush'd is the din of tongues, on gallant steeds,
With milk-white crest, gold-spur, and light poised
lance,
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous deeds,
And lowly bending to the lists advance ;

Rich are their scarfs, their chargers featly prance :
If in the dangerous game they shine to-day,
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely glance,
Best prize of better acts, they bear away,
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their toils repay.

In costly sheen, and gaudy cloak array'd,
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore
Stands in the centre, eager to invade
The lord of lowing herds; but not before
The ground with cautious tread, is traversed o'er,
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart his speed :
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor more
Can man achieve without the friendly steed—
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear and bleed.

Thrice sounds the clarion! lo! the signal falls,
The den expands, and expectation mute
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled walls.
Bounds with one lashing spring the mighty brute,
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sounding foot,
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his foe :
Here, there, he points his threatening front, to suit
His first attack, wide waving to and fro
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated glow.

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the spear;
Now is thy time, to perish, or display
The skill that yet may check his mad career,

With well-timed croup the nimble coursers veer;
On foams the bull, but not unscathed he goes !
Streams from his flanks the crimson torrent clear :
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his throes ;
Dart follows dart ; lance, lance ; loud bellowings speak
his woes.

Again he comes ; nor dart nor lance avail,
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured horse ;
Though man and man's avenging arms assail,
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled corse ;
Another hideous sight ! unseam'd appears,
His gory chest unveils life's panting source ;
Though death-struck, still his feeble frame he rears ;
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord unharmed he
bears.

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to the last,
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,
'Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and lances brast,
And foes disabled in the brutal fray :
And now the Matadores around him play,
Shake the red cloak, and poise the ready brand :
Once more through all he bursts his thundering
way—
Vain rage ! the mantle quits the conynge hand,
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks upon the sand.

Where his vast neck just mingles with the spine,
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon lies;
He stops—he starts—disdaining to decline :
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,
Without a groan, without a struggle dies.
The decorated car appears—on high
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vulgar eyes—
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift as shy,
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in dashing by !

LORD BYRON.

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a Hermit began ;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.

“ Ah why, all abandon'd to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And Sorrow no longer thy bosom intral.

But if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass away.
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

“ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguish'd her crescent displays :
But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendour again :
But Man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
Ah ! fool to exult in a glory so vain !

“ 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn ;
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save,
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave ? ”
'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind,
“ O pity, great Father of light,” then I cried,
“ Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee !
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.”

And darkness and doubt are now flying away :
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn :
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn :
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

BEATTIE.

LOVE'S IMMORTALITY.

THEY sin who tell us love can die :
With life all other passions fly,—
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell.
Earthly those passions of the earth,—
They perish where they have their birth—
But love is indestructible ;
Its holy flame for ever burneth.
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest :
At times received, at times oppress'd ;
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath, in heaven, its purest rest.

SOUTHEY.

THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still clear night,
And he said, " Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley, and over the height,
In silence I'll take my way.

" I will not go on like the blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he went to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He climbed up the trees, and their boughs he drest
With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread

A coat of mail, that it could not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on the margin far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept ;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept
By the light of the moon were seen .

Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees,
There were beves of birds and swarms of bees ;
There were cities, thrones, temples, and towns, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair,
He went to the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 “ Now just to set them thinking,
I'll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,
“ This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me,
 Shall crack to tell I've been drinking !”

ANON.

AUTHORS AND THEIR IMITATORS.

THEY cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism ;
Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse ;
Were never caught in epigram or witticism,
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews :—
In harams learning soon would make a pretty schism !
But luckily these beauties are no “ blues ;”
No bustling Botherby's they have to show 'em
“ That charming passage in the last new poem.”

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,
Who having angled all his life for fame,
And getting but a nibble at a time,
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same
Small "Triton of the minnows," the sublime
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,
The echo's echo, usher of the school
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool !
A talking oracle of awful phase,
The approving "*Good !*" (by no means *good* in law)
Humming like flies around the newest blaze,
The bluest of blue bottles you e'er saw,
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,
Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,
And sweating plays so middling bad were better.
One hates an author that's *all author* ; fellows
In foolscap uniforms, turn'd up with ink,
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous,
One don't know what to say to them, or think
Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows ;
Of coxcombry's worst coxcombs e'en the pink
Are preferable to these shreds of paper,
These unquench'd snuffings of the midnight taper.
Of these same we see several, and of others,
Men of the world who know the world like men,
Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better brothers,
Who think of something else beside the pen ;

But for the children of the "mighty mothers,"
The would-be-wits and can't-be-gentlemen,
I leave them to their daily "tea is ready,"
Snug coterie, and literary lady.

LORD BYRON.

MATERIALS TO MAKE A TRAGEDY.

TAKE a Virgin from Asia, from Afric, or Greece,
At least a king's daughter, or emperor's neice ;
Take an elderly Miss for her kind confidant,
Still ready with pity or terror to pant,
While she faints and revives like a sensitive plant ;
Take a hero, though buried some ten years or more,
But with life enough left him to rattle and roar ;
Take a horrid old brute, who deserves to be rack'd,
And call him a tyrant ten times in each act :
Take a priest of cold blood, and a warrior of hot,
And let them alternately bluster and plot :
Then throw in of soldiers and slaves quantum suff.,
Let them march, and stand still, fight, and halloo enough.
Now stir altogether these separate parts,
And season them all with ohs ! faintings, and starts :
Squeeze in, while they're stirring, a potent infusion
Of rage and of horror, of love and illusion :
With madness and murder complete the conclusion.

Let your princess, though dead by the murderer's dagger,
In a wanton, bold epilogue ogle and swagger ;
Prove her past scenes of virtue are vapour and smoke,
And the stage's morality merely a joke ;
Let her tell with what follies our country is curst,
And wisely conclude that play-writing's the worst.
Now serve to the public this olio complete,
And puff in the papers your delicate treat.

HAYLEY.

LAMENT FOR CHIVALRY.

WELL hast thou, cried departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work,
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of mettle rather overwrought—
Is now all overcast !

Aye,—where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest ;—
Great Charlemagne, and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest !

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound,
So sleep his Knights who gave that round
Old table such eclat !
Oh time has pluck'd the plummy brow !
And none engage at turneys now
But those who go to law !

Grim John O'Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a guy,
Orlando lies forlorn !—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those “early champions”—what are they
But “Knights without a morn !”

No Percy branch now perseveres
Like those of old in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie !—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye !

Alas ! for Lion-hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace,—
Oh it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece !

The fam'd Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scal'd the holy-wall !
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great Saladin,
But only grow the small !

Our Cressys too have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff,—
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!—

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans ;
Their hauberks—jerkens—buffs ?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work—but men
Fight now—with powder puffs !

The curtal-axe is out of date !
The good old cross-bow bends—to fate,
'Tis gone—the archer's craft !
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
Of Death, upon the shaft.—

The spear, the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear is laid aside—
 Oh spits now domineer!—
The coat of mail is left alone,
And where is all chain armour gone?
 Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs without fists,
 A low and vulgar art!—
No mounted man is overthrown—
A tilt! it is a thing unknown—
 Except upon a cart.

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his Chief in steely garb,
 For warding steel's appliance!—
Methinks I hear the trumpet, sir—
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
 That bugles the "Defiance."

In cavils, when all Cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
 And scatter plumes about;
Or blood—if they are in the vein!—
That tap will never run again,
 Alas! the casque is out

No iron-crackling now is scored,
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place;—
Though certain Doctors will pretend
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader! errant squire, and Knight!
Our coats and customs soften;—
To rise would only make ye weep—
Sleep on, in rusty iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

THOMAS HOOD.

A PRISONER'S CONTRAST.

THE light is disappearing through the dim,
And narrow window of my cell—'tis evening!
At this same hour of evening I have stood
Upon the borders of the mountain ridge
That skirts the plain of Seville: the broad sun
In full effulgence o'er a cloudless sky
Pour'd his last flood of brightness: the brown hills,
The aloe hedge, the rhododendron wild,
The golden orange, and the purple grape,
All seemed as clothed in light; and now 'tis gone!

The God of day is vanish'd : a low bell
The general stillness breaks, but not offends ;
All tongues are whispering prayer and thanks to heaven !
And soon again the light guitar is heard,
And aged grandsires with young hearts behold
The tender maidens that with graceful step,
Lead on the village dance.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

THE MUSIC OF NATURE.

THE joyous birds shrouded in cheareful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
The angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th' instruments, divine response meet :
The silver-sounding instruments did meet ;
With the base murmur of the water's fall ;
The water's fall with difference discreet
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call ;
The gentle warbling wind low answered all !"

SPENSER.

WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN !

We might have been !—these are but common words,
 And yet they make the sum of life's bewailing ;
 They are the echo of those finer chords,
 Whose music life deplores, when unavailing.
 We might have been !

We might have been so happy, says the child,
 Pent in the weary school-room during summer,
 When the green rushes, 'mid the marshes wild,
 And rosy fruits attend the radiant comer.
 We might have been !

It is the thought that darkens on our youth,
 When first experience—sad experience—teaches
 What fallacies we have believed for truth,
 And what few truths endeavour ever reaches.
 We might have been !

Alas ! how different from what we are,
 Had we but known the bitter path before us ;
 But feeling, hopes, and fancies, left afar,
 What in the wide bleak world can e'er restore us ?
 We might have been !

It is the motto of all human things,—
The end of all that waits on mortal seeking ;
The weary weight upon Hope's flagging wings ;
It is the cry of the worn heart, while breaking—
We might have been !

And when warm with the Heaven that gave it birth,
Dawns on our world-worn way Love's hour Elysium,
The last fair angel lingering on our earth,
The shadow of that thought obscures the vision,
We might have been !

A cold fatality attends on love,—
Too soon, or else too late, the heart-beat quickens ;
The star which is our fate springs up above,
And we but say—while round the vapour thickens—
We might have been !

Life knoweth no like misery,—the rest
Are single sorrows,—but in this are blended
All sweet emotions that disturb the breast :
The light that was our loveliest is ended.
We might have been !

Henceforth how much of the full heart must be
A sealed book, at whose contents we tremble ?
A still voice mutters, 'mid our misery,
The worst to hear—because it must dissemble—
We might have been !

Life is made up of miserable hours ;
And all of which we craved a brief possessing,
For which we wasted wishes, hopes, and powers,
Comes with some fatal drawback on the blessing.
We might have been !

The future never renders to the past
The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping.
Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth, and last,—
On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping—
We might have been !

L. E. L.

THE SWALLOWS.

CAPTIVE on the Moorish strand,
A warrior groan'd beneath his chain ;
Swallows from his father-land
He saw come flying o'er the main.
“ Tell me, ye birds of hope !” he cried,
“ Who hither from stern winter flee :
Ye saw my France in summer's pride,—
Looks she still fair ?—sweet birds—come tell to me.

“ Three years—three sad years, alas !
I've linger'd here, a weary slave !—
Denizens of air ! ye pass
Unrestrained o'er earth and wave !

There stood a cot, with flowers gay,
Where the young stream winds thro' the vale,
'Twas there my eyes first met the day!—
Is it unchanged? Ah, tell the welcome tale!

“ 'Neath that roof there hung a nest,—
Perchance it held your callow young :
But, whilst cherish'd by your breast,
My mother's plaints around them rung ;
Yet still she hoped each day would bring
Homeward her son—a stranger there.
She breathed my name, expiring ;—
Oh ! tell me of her love, children of air !

“ Saw ye not the jocund throng
Flock from the church in concourse gay,
Chorussing th' hymeneal song,
To grace my sister's nuptial day ?
Saw ye not my comrades crowding,
Vaunting their deeds by land and sea ;
But my name in sorrow shrouding,
They still, sweet birds !—they still remember me ?

“ But I dream !—my foe commands
Where none but Frenchmen should bear sway ;
And, perhaps, his hostile bands
To that calm vale have traced the way ;

Trampling down the fields' defenders,
Drenching the soil with native gore!
Can ye say that France surrenders?
Unwelcome birds!—away, I'll hear no more!"

BERANGER.

THE SEASONS.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year :
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded, and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers,
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours ;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear ;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock—coloured green,
That was unlined all, to be more light :
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chauffed been,
The sweat did drop ; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn, all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh full glad
That he had banish'd Hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore ;
Upon his head a wreath, that was enroll'd
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore ;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits which the earth had yold.

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill ;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull-drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distill :
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still ;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld,
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

SPENSER.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Oh, was it meant, thou pretty one,
That, like an April beam,
Thy beauties should be known, to fade
E'en in their earliest gleam ?

Was it to wake a mother's love,
To warm a father's heart,
That little smile, like meteor came,
As fleetly to depart?

Was it for this alone, or say—
Was't for some early sin,
That weigh'd upon the parent's heart,
And needed chastening?

How did I watch thy little form,
Thy tender beauties swell,—
In ardent, *silent* lovingness
Perhaps, I loved too well!

Perhaps, I was too proud of thee,
And while I held thee dear,
Forgot my debt of gratitude
To HIM who sent thee here!

I scarce had time to know thee well,
Scarce could command thy love,
Ere thou wast snatch'd away, to seek
A happier home above.

I held thee, sufferer in my arms—
I press'd thee to my heart—
Death must be blind to gaze on thee,
Yet not to stay his dart!

To close those little azure eyes
In darkness and in gloom,
To give that cherish'd form, to know
Corruption and the tomb.

Yet wherefore murmur, though our hopes
Lie buried in the grave?
It is His will who summons all;
He takes away—who gave!

We should rejoice, to know that heaven
Relieves us of our care—
To think we have, whate'er our sin,
A Mediator there!

THOMAS FRICKER.

FAREWELL.

My little fairy chronicle,
The prettiest of my tasks, farewell!
Ere other eyes shall meet this line,
Far other records will be mine,
How many miles of trackless sea
Will roll between my land and me!
I said thine elfin almanack
Should call all pleasant hours back;

Amid those pleasant hours will none
Think kindly on what I have done ?
Then, fairy page, I leave with thee,
Some memory of my songs and me.

L. E. L.

THE JASMINE TREE.

My slight and slender jasmine-tree,
That bloomest on my border tower,
Thou art more dearly loved by me
Than all the wreaths of fairy bower :
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice, or Syria's rose,
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows.

My mild and winsome jasmine tree,
That climbest up the dark grey wall,
Thy tiny flow'rets seem in glee,
Like silver spray-drops, down to fall :
Say, did they from their leaves thus peep,
When mail'd moss-troopers rode the hill,
When helmet warders paced the keep,
And bugles blew for Belted Will ?

My free and feathery jasmine-tree,
Within the fragrance of thy breath,
Yon dungeon grated to its key,
And the chain'd captive pined for death.
On border fray, on feudal crime,
I dream not, while I gaze on thee ;
The chieftains of that stern old time
Could ne'er have loved a jasmine-tree.

LORD MORPETH.

REWARD OF TOIL.

WHAT men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth, that only serve
To rouse us up, as children in the schools
Are roused up to exertion. The reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize ;
And they the few, that have it ere they earn it,
Having by favour or inheritance
These dangerous gifts placed in their idle hands,
And all that should await on worth well tried.
All in the glorious days of old reserved
For manhood most mature, or reverend age,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies
Entering the lists of life.

ROGERS.

SONNETS.

SONNETS.

“ In truth, the prison into which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is : and hence to me
In sundry moods 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground.”

WORDSWORTH.

THE SABBATH.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow paths their way,
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet bell chimes the hallowed day.
The Halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth ; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound ;—yet, oh my God ! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

MRS. HEMANS.

PIETY.

ME THOUGHT I heard a voice upon me call,
As listless in desponding mood I lay,
Whiling the melancholy hour away,
'Mid fears that did my fondest hopes inthrall.
'Twas not the trumpet voice of fame I heard,
Nor fortune's, nurse of impotence and care;
Nor yet the moanings deep of fell despair.
But oh! it was the voice of one that stirred
In every leaf! Sweet, sweet the accents came,
And stole in pure affections to my heart,
Healing within wounds bleeding 'neath the smart
Of bitterest woe. Up sprang my gladden'd frame
Restored, as henceforth brighter days to see;—
Thy voice it was I heard, meek Piety.

EDWARD MOXON.

DECAY OF PIETY.

OfT have I seen, ere time had plough'd my cheek,
Matrons and sires, who, punctual to the call
Of their loved church, on fast, or festival,
Through the long year, the house of prayer would seek :
By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak
Of Easter winds unscared, from hut or hall
They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,
But with one fervour of devotion meek.
I see the places where they once were known,
And ask, surrounded ev'n by kneeling crowds,
Is ancient piety for ever flown ?
Alas ! ev'n then they seem'd light fleecy clouds
That, struggling through the western sky, have won
Their pensive light from a departed sun !

WORDSWORTH.

NATURE.

ONE instant's thought beside the murmuring rill,
Where bees store sweetness in their honeyed scrips,
Where thrushes thrill, from gloomy pine-trees' tips,
Their merry carols o'er each verdant hill ;
One moment's solitude, where the loud hymn
Is sung 'twixt heaven and earth by merry lark,
Heard both by man and list'ning cherubim,
One hour where quiet reigns, save when the dark
Tempest breaks the stillness—more intense,
When it hath pass'd in dread magnificence ;—
An instant's lonely joy in sylvan scenes,
Where Nature's face with health and vigour beams,
Is worth a century enbound in Fashion's thralls,
Amidst the hum of men, and miscall'd "pleasure's"
halls.

ANON.

THE RIVER.

ITCHIN, when I beheld thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin and thy silver breast,
On which the self-same tints still seem to rest;
Why feels my heart the shivering sense of pain?
Is it—that many a summer's day is past
Since, in life's morn, I carol'd on thy side?
Is it—that oft since then my heart has sighed
As youth and hope's delusive gleams flew past?
Is it—that those who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long-lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

BOWLES.

SELF-COMMAND.

Nor happiness, nor majesty, nor fame,
Nor peace, nor strength, nor skill in arms or arts,
Shepherd, those herds whom tyranny makes tame,
Verse echoes not one beating of their hearts.
History is but the shadow of their shame,
Art veils her glass, or from the pageant starts,
As to oblivion their blind millions fleet,
Staining that heaven with wicked imagery
Of their own likeness. What, are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be
Must rule the empire of himself: in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will, quelling the anarchy
Of hopes and fears, being himself alone.

SHELLEY.

TO SLEEP.

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep,
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names,
The very sweetest fancy calls or frames,
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !
Dear bosom child we call thee, that dost steep
In rich reward all suffering : Balm, that tames
All anguish : Saint, that evil thoughts and aims
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone—
I, surely not a man ungentle made—
Call thee worst tyrant by which flesh is crost !
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,
Mere slave of them who never for thee pray'd,
Still last to come when thou art wanted most.

WORDSWORTH.

THE MUSE.

If thou would'st woo the Muse, seek out a tomb,
Round which the loud autumnal winds are sweeping,
While Night's dank dews unwholesome weeds are
steeping,
And all is dark and drear,—for joy no room,
For hope no ray! both scene and season doom
The mind to melancholy musings! Sleeping
Within that ruined place, where once loud weeping
Was heard, now far from malice and the boom
Of strife, lies ONE whom life perchance did gird
With chains of roses; or perhaps time's slope
For him was downward ever! Now, the bird
Of night his requiem hoots,—no paltry trope
From flatt'rer base repeats his worth! A grand
And mystic school is this, the POET-MIND to expand!

ANON.

FAME.

WHY do we love thee, Fame? thou art not sweet;
If sweetness dwell with softness and repose;
Thou art not fair, if beauty be replete
With peace and tenderness, and ease from woes;
Thou art not faithful, for thy power and flame
To fierce extremes the maddening votary urge;
And oft the winds that should his bliss proclaim,
Swell but the chorus of his funeral dirge:
Yet we do love thee—love thee, till the blood
Wasted for thee, forsakes the heart, thy shrine;
Till happiness is past, and toil withstood,
And life itself poured idly forth—for thine
Is that mysterious witchery that beguiles
The soul it stabs, and murders while it smiles,

HENRY NEELE.



AFTER-FAME.

WHEN dead is all the vigour of the fame,
And the dull heart beats languid, notes of praise
May issue the desponding sprite to raise :
But weakly strikes the voice of slow-sent fame ;
Empty we deem the echo of a name :
Inward we turn ; we list no fairy lays ;
Nor seek on golden palaces to gaze ;
Nor wreaths from groups of smiling fair to claim ;
Thus strange is fate :—we meet the hollow cheer,
When struck by age the cold, insensate ear
No more with trembling ecstasy can hear.
But yet one thought a lasting joy can give
That we, as not for self alone we live,
To others bore the boon we would from them receive !

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.

CHARITY.

SWEET mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor old man! and thy grey hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivelled limbs and palsied head.
My Father, throw this away, this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering; take my garment; use
A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dew
That hang from thy white beard and numb thy breast.
My Vara, too, shall tend thee, like a child;
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple pride that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not scowl, the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazar turn'd from rich man's doors,
And called him friend, and wept upon his sores.

COLERIDGE.

THE HOUSE OF DEATH.

IT is thy wife! sweet husband, open, quick!
I am a weary wanderer footsore;
My very soul within me turneth sick,
To find thy granite gates are shut so sure
And I without!—I am thy weary wife,—
Travelling hitherward with painful feet
Thro' light and dark a woful half of life
To seek thee HERE.—Thou said'st, We *here* should
meet,
Describing all this place, even as thou past
From my cold arms into the colder night;
And now, outweary and outworn at last,
Fainting, with feeble cry and failing sight,
Downfall'n my husband's marble house before; —
He hears me not, he sleeps,—then Death, undo the door!

ANON.

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